

Marie de Bernville, comtesse d'Autry

Memoirs

OF THE

Court of *France* :

Dedicated in *French* to the
Dutcheſs *De la F E R T E*.

By Madam L. M. D.
Author of the *Voyage into SPAIN*.

PART I.



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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Court of *France*.

YOU have been inform'd already, Madam, of what pass'd betwixt the Marquis of *Troche* and me; how that the Kindness that I had for him, did force me to betray Mademoiselle of *Loube*, whom he lov'd, and who had wholly confided in me; how she resented it: And, finally, what force and violence my Parents us'd to oblige me to marry the Marquis of *Querda-niel*: I have mention'd to you also, the Letter which upon that I writ to the Marquis of *Troche*, and after what manner my Husband carried me into the Country, where he severely kept me, till he was oblig'd to return to Court, to do his Duty.

Here, Madam, I believe I made a full stop, to begin my discourse, where I left it off; you will be pleas'd to know, that there were but few days remaining of the Carnival, when the King would go into *Flanders* to continue

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his Conquests. My Husband's Office obliging him to follow the King, he gave me notice of his setting forth in a short time ; and I must confess, Madam, that I remain'd very unresolv'd, whether I was very glad or very sorry at his departure. I confess that then I had nothing that possess'd my Heart, and that I had no thoughts, in the absence of my Husband, to take new measures ; but making reflection on his, which was to follow me continually, and be the shadow of my steps, that constraint became an unsufferable Rack to me, and if any thing had contributed to render me Wanton, that alone would have done it. His Equipage being ready, he departed at the appointed Day, and I passed the rest of the Carnival, more melancholick than I could have wish'd : But the outward appearances were to be observed ; and because that no Wives of Quality, in the absence of their Husband's, did frequent the Balls, nor Masques, I would be sure to take no more Liberty than they did. Thus enjoying but small Pleasures, I went now and then to *St. Germain* to make my Court to the Queen. The Winter was so severe, that part of the Causey had been carried away by the over-flowing of the River, and but few Coaches went that way without danger of being broken ; that happen'd to mine ; an hole made the Pole fly in pieces, and the Marchioness *D'Albret* and I were constrain'd to alight in the worst of weathers. At that same moment the Marquis of *Pont* passed by, we knew his Liveries, and
caus'd

caus'd him to stop, to intreat for places in his Coach. He was in company with a Person I had not yet seen, and who, perceiving People, cover'd his Face with his Cloak; but when we were got into the Coach he saluted us very Civilly: He inquired of the Marchioness *D'Albret* who I was; I had no less curiosity for him, than he had for me; and the Marquis *De Pont* inform'd me, that it was the Chevalier *Chastillon*, Captain of the Guards to *Monsieur*. I had already sufficiently heard of him, not to be surpris'd at this good mien, though very taking; and I should tell to any one but to you, that he is tall and proper, fair hair'd, well featur'd, and has excellent Teeth; his Mind is easie and agreeable; and he has the Character of a very gallant Person. The Combat which had lately pass'd betwixt the Count of *Fiesque* and him, did oblige him to observe exact Measures, when he went to *St. Germain*; that was the reason that when he first perceiv'd us he conceal'd himself under his Cloak. But, in short, he took me not long for a suspected Person, and that first moment of interview proved to be Sympathetick, which has since caus'd us a world of troubles.

The Conversation betwixt us four had nothing of singular. We came to *St. Germain*, and after we had made our Court, the Marchioness *D'Albret* and I retired together. The Marquis *de Pont*, and the Chevalier *Chastillon*, came to beg a Supper of us. After that divers Persons came, and the Chevalier would

have retired ; but some beginning to play at Bassiet, and I having a greater desire to entertain him, than to play, he gave me his Hand, and we passed into my Appartment : He gave me not long the liberty of discoursing on indifferent things. He interrupted me, to tell me, in a most perswading manner, that now he was consoled in his Disgrace, seeing that he had the good fortune to know me ; and he assur'd me, that I had never made so great a progress, on any Person, at any time, as I had now done upon him. He intreated of me also, that I should permit him to pay me his Devoirs at *Paris* ; and, I confess, Madam, that as oft as he spoke, I fancied that a spirit of perswasion did join unto his ; insomuch that it had been more difficult for me to refuse what he desired, than it was easie to me to grant it to him.

After I had been at *St. Germain* some Days, the Chevalier gave me divers Visits, he discours'd of his Passion, and I heard him with delight : But, one Evening, having met with me in a more melancholick humour than I us'd to be, he, in a tender manner, ask'd me the reason of it ; and I freely confess'd to him, That I was disturb'd at the Engagements which I had learnt he had with Madam *Daubray* : That young Widow, exceeding rich, who lov'd him most Passionately, and though she was not very Beautiful, and had but an indifferent share of Wit, might have been a very advantageous Match for him. Mean time he assur'd me, That, if I pleas'd, he would

would never see her ; and that after the sacrifice he had made me of his Heart, there was none, that I could not promise to my self, from his Love and Complaisancy. I then told him, that he knew me yet but very superficially, and that he ought not to think I should prescribe him particular Rules to please me ; that if it were certain he lov'd me, his Heart would sufficiently take my part ; and that if he lov'd me not, I ought not to concern my self with his Affairs.

Madam *Daubray*, who had Spies abroad, was soon inform'd of her Lover's assiduous services to me ; she fell into an inconceivable Jealousie at it, and in her Fury, she went to the Marchioness of *Palvoisin*, Mother to the Chevalier de *Chastillon*, to tell her, she would never see her Son more, if he did not break off with me ; she easily brought her over to her side, because she passionately desired to see her Son in an establish'd Fortune : And, as I perceiv'd at last, by all the Measures that were taken, that I was on the point of losing him, I resolv'd to make him sure to me, by such Testimonies of Esteem and Confidence, which I had always refus'd him. He receiv'd them with such a sense, as perswaded me as much, as his word he gave me of it, that he did not only sacrifice Madam *Daubray* to me, but the whole World also. Mean time, it being my opinion, that we ought not to love so much on our own account, as that of those Persons we love, I desir'd the Knight, that seeing he found a considerable Interest in managing of

that Mistress, he should omit nothing to please her: He promised it me, to obey me only, he said, but on no other Consideration.

The Count of *Fiesque*, who long since I have known, who had fought with the Knight *Chastillion*, but upon some Discourses that related to Madam *Daubray*, and whom he also design'd to marry, had however nothing but outward appearances for her: For the Dutches of *Sanferre* and I, shar'd his Affections between us; and to any other Person but you, Madam, I should say, That he is an accomplish'd Chevalier: Though his Stature is not so high as the Knights, it is as disengaged; he has black Hair, very delicate, and Teeth like Pearls; his Eyes are large, and full of Fire; a world of Wit, and Sings beyond any in the World; and when he designs to please, he succeeds without trouble: He had not had therefore much to do to cause himself to be beloved by me, but that it did not please me to share his Heart with the Dutches of *Sanferre*, though such a Rival could but Honour me much. There are some Possessions which we would have without any Contest; and the Knight *Chastillion* serving me with the greatest Fidelity, he was therefore the most hasty. But at that time there happened a thing pleasant enough; which was, That being both afraid of being seized, on the account of their Combat, they both conceal'd themselves with equal care, and came every Night to me in hired Chairs, muffled in their Cloaks. The Knight was already got
into

into my Chamber, when one of my Women perceiving the Count of *Fiesque*, came to whisper it in my Ear. I told the Knight that I had Company coming, and he presently went down a private Stair, and thought to have got into his Chair, having found another in the Court like his. The Count was just got into my Chamber, when he slipp'd out of it again, hearing the Voice of the Duke of *Crequi*; he would not be seen; and having met with another Livery-Chair, he only bid the Chair-men carry him home; so that the Knight's Chair-men carried him to the Count's, and the Count's carried him to the Knight's. They perceived it; and having clear'd the matter with the Chair-men, they understood the Mistake, and that I entertain'd them both. The next Morning they both reproached me much for having made it a Secret; but I having assured them it was without design, they appeared satisfied, at least in appearance.

The Count of *Fiesque* had too much Wit to remain uncertain of the Sentiments that were had for him; he soon was sensible of those of Preferency, which I gave to the Knight *Chastillon*: And though this first did not love me as much as he might do, he was seized with a violent fit of Jealousie upon it, which had like to have caused a second Combat between them, more dangerous than the first. But the Count thought he should sufficiently revenge himself, in discovering to Madam *Daubray*, all that he could learn of our Intrigue. She had already sufficiency of Disposition to believe we
were

were not indifferent to one another ; and when once she had got a Spy as subtil as the Count of *Fiesque*, she learn'd more than she wish'd to hear: But not being capable of breaking off with the Knight, she spent her whole Fury on me.

My Husband being returned from the Army, and being particularly acquainted with Madam *Daubray*, he began to receive, by her means, the first Impressions of that Rage which has caused me so many Evils ; for she told him, That the Knight *Chastillon* did love me ; and she forgot nothing that would set him against me.

Mean time I imagin'd, as did also the Knight, seeing my Husband return'd, that very just Measures were to be taken, if we would not be discover'd by an Husband that was jealous and suspicious, even of the most innocent Things: I therefore affected discovering to him great Joy and Tenderness at the sight of him ; but in spite of all my Politicks, I fell into a Melancholy which I could not overcome ; for I had so agreeably accustomed my self unto the Knight's Affiduities, that I suffered all that could be endur'd at the scarcity of his Visits.

While that he could conveniently visit me, he had neglected the Concerns of his Combat ; but now he thought of it ; and to get free from them, the Count of *Fiesque* and he, resign'd themselves Prisoners, to justify themselves of that Duel wherewith they were accused. He came to see me just before his Confinement ;
and

and though Monsieur of *Querdaniel* was present, and that I had not the freedom to speak to him as I could wish, our Eyes were not only agreed so as to understand one another, but we had the misfortune to have my Husband understand them also. He ran to tell it to Madam *Daubray*, who was become his Confident; who perceiving that his Suspicions were pretty well grounded, she most subtilly set herself to work to confirm them. His Coldness and Ill-humour prevented me from visiting the Knight *Chastillon*, and the Count *de Fiesque*, though all the Wives at Court did them that Honour. Madam *Daubray* was incessantly with them; and she did so triumph over that Constraint I was in, that my Trouble had broke out into some Extravagancy, if the Knight had not at last got out of Prison. He gave me notice of it, and I found the means to entertain him at the Princess of *Monaco's*; who being my Kinswoman and my Friend, did serve us with all her Heart. She comforted me on the Alarms I had taken on the beginnings of my Husband's Jealousies: She told me, That if the Knight should cease from paying his Devoirs at my House, some other place should be found out where I might see him: That the best mystery was to make none at all; and that it was sometimes convenient to shew a little, to conceal a great deal. I was easily persuaded; the Knight was over-joy'd at it, and came to see me the next day. One day it happen'd, that having come to me somewhat early, my jealous Husband, seeking but to confirm his Suspicions,

pitions, made shew of going forth; but presently returning by the Back-door of the Garden, he went up a privy Stair, and got into my Closet; whose Door being glaz'd, he could easily perceive all that passed in my Chamber.

Long since had the Knight importun'd me for my Picture. I had promised it him, without design to keep my Word; but Constraint being commonly a Temptation to Liberty, I needed no more pressing Reason to engage me to sit. I had got my Picture in little in a Locket, beset round with Diamonds. When I found my self at liberty to speak without Witnesses, I told him that I would give him a proof of my Esteem; of which, if he loved me, he would be very sensible: And at the same time I tied my Picture to his Arm; he kneeled to receive it, and lifted it an hundred times to his Mouth; he returned me a thousand Thanks, and as many Protestations to love me all his Life. We storm'd together against my Husband's troublesome Suspitions; we promised that it should not impair our Fidelity and Endearment to one another; but being interrupted by the Marquis *d'Albret* who came to see me, the Knight retired with all the tenderness and satisfaction imaginable.

In what a Fury, O Heavens! had Monsieur *Quer-daniel* been, at all those Testimonies of Love that he had seen me bestow on the Knight! Had he been more Brave, and not fear'd his Courage, he had at that very instant done *that*, which had cost me my Life before his
Eyes:

Eyes: But at last, Company being retired, what was I not to suffer from his Fury! he added to his Reproaches such Cruel Threatnings, that I thought to have died with Despair; he would have me to promise never to see the Knight more; and I remain'd, for a long time, lock'd up in my Appartment, without the liberty of passing into any other.

The Knight *Chastillon* was inform'd the next day of all that had passed on his occasion. Represent to your self, Madam, the Sentiments of a Man very amorous, and naturally very impatient: He was for immediately running into such Extremities as would have ruined me; and to prevent him, I was forced to write that I would see him in spite of all things. Mean time, he being in a despair at my retirement, and that to no purpose, he sought me in all places where he used formerly to meet me: He thought of hiring an House (without giving me any notice) which over-look'd my Garden; there I used sometimes to walk; and going under his Windows, I heard a Man say to me, *Stay, Madam, and deign to bear, and to pity me.* The Accents of that Voice, did as immediately strike my Heart as my Ears; but not daring to answer, I pretended to gather some Flowers, while I was singing this latter part of a Verse:

— — — — — and then
Let us fear none but jealous Men.

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At that same moment my Husband was at the Window, and I should easily be induced to believe he had a Familiar that gave him intelligence of all things; for in conclusion, he fancied that I did not sing those Words without design; he call'd to me very roughly and made me to retire.

I did not doubt but that the Knight would frequently visit that House; and I writ to him to conjure him to be very circumspect that it might not be known; and during all that time that I was kept in sight by my Husband's Order, there were but few Days that we found not means of seeing and speaking to one another; for in truth LOVE is very ingenious, and gives both Wit and Dexterity to its Votaries. But Monsieur de *QuerDaniel*, who continually did watch me, having observed that I frequently went into my Closet, and opened my Window, would see one Night what passed there. It was a bright Moon-shine Night; he put on a Night-Gown, a Petticoat, some white Coifs, and in that dress stood some time at the Window. The Knight making no doubt but that it was I, appear'd at his, and spoke to him; but in lieu of an Answer to his tender Expressions, he discharged a Pistol at him; and it was a kind of Miracle that he did not kill him. Alas, what became of me! When I heard the noise, I did run, with a world of Fears, into my Closet; and when I perceived my Husband so ridiculously dress'd, I confess that I could not forbear bursting out in laughter; but that first motion of Joy lasted
but

but very little ; for he came up to me all in Fury, and I did believe that that moment would be the last of my Life. He treated me worse than ever, and continued to lock me up as a Criminal of State. But in fine, the Marquiss of *Sanmour* Master-Huntsman, and one of his Friends, at the secret Request which I caused to be made him by the Princess of *Monaco*, did undertake to take him along with him to Hunt a Stag at *Fountainbleau*. He had much ado to resolve himself to it, and it was but to try what use I should make of my Liberty during his absence. I cannot tell you, Madam, the Joy which I felt at his going. The first of my Cares was, how I should entertain the Knight ; and that the thing might not be suspected, I sent him word to go to the Princess of *Monaco's*, where I came after with Mademoiselle *Tressan* : That amiable Maid was come to visit me, and to pass some Days with me, to unweary herself of her reclusé Life, for she then lived at the Abbey of the Woods.

I found the Knight at the appointed time and place, so melancholick and so chang'd, that I scarce did know him. Our Conversation was as tender as might be expected betwixt two Persons that entirely loved one another, and that were persecuted. It is true also, that the remembrance of those evil Treatments I had received, came so lively into my Mind, that I could not forbear to afford some Tears to my Grief. The Knight remain'd sensibly mov'd at it, and there was no Revenge which his Despair did not prompt him to ; but I would
not

not admit of any. I told him, that we ought to conquer our selves generously on that point, and content our selves in not changing the one for the other. After this, we parted; and though Mademoiselle *Tressau* was in the Chamber with us, the Princess of *Monaco* did so dexterously divert her, in perusing of some Works which she had making, that she heard nothing of our Conversation.

Monsieur *de QuerDaniel* was too jealous to remain long absent; he returned notwithstanding all the Instances which the Marquis of *Sancour* made him to detain him longer; he pretended to have unavoidable Business at *Paris*; and he had so firmly possessed himself that I had seen the Knight, that though he had no certainty of it, he durst have sworn it. He bethought himself to speak of it to Madam *Daubray*, who persuaded him in it, as if she had positively known it, she being a Party concern'd in my Affairs. Through that Conjunction which they had with the Knight's Concerns, she learn'd that Mademoiselle *Tressau* had been with me, during all the time of that short Journey which Monsieur *QuerDaniel* had taken. She went to give her a Visit, and at first discoursed on indifferent things; but falling, as by meer Chance, on my Concerns, *Know you*, said she, *that the Marchioness of QuerDaniel has a design to marry you, and that she has made you see the Knight Chastillon but on that design; what think you of it?* Mademoiselle of *Tressau*, though of *Gascoign*, not being prepared for so subtil a Device, let herself be surprized

prized by it; and swallowing the Bait, I assure you, said she, that the Marchioness has not expressed her self in any Particulars to me on that point; and I thought, when we found the Knight at the Princess of Monaco's, that it was by meer chance. I must acknowledge that that Knight is very amiable, and well made; but I also believe that his Star designs him to something better than to please me.

Madam Daubray was over-joy'd to learn an Adventure so proper to do me prejudice; she added all the Colours which she judged necessary to accomplish the Piece which she design'd to present to my Husband: And she perfectly succeeded in setting him against me. I perceived it by his dull and shagrine Air, and startled at it more than once. At last the Storm broke forth; he loaded me with Reproaches, and told me I had promised him not to see any more the Knight; but that he was no sooner out of the way, and left me Mistress of my own Conduct, to know what use I should make of it, than that I had appointed him an Assignment at the Princess of Monaco's: That he assured me, that for the future he would provide against it, seeing I could so easily forget all the Oaths I had made to him: I was so simple and foolish as to confess it to him; and I thought I had found a great Excuse for my Fault, in telling him, That it was true, I had desired the Knight to meet me at that place; but that it was to return me the Picture which I had given him, and my Letters: That designing to see him no more, I had

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thought fit to get out of his Hands, those Things which were of so great Consequence to me.

That was not the way to mend Things; he hearken'd to me with a fleeing smile; and the next day, I having not suspected it in the least, he told me, that I must immediately go for *Britany*. I cast my self at his Feet, and conjured him to suspend that Decree which he so lately had pronounced; but my earnestness to make him change, serv'd but to confirm him the more; and about six at night I got into the Coach with him, and we were driven on the Road to *Querdaniel*.

Though I went away in such precipitation, I found the means to advertise the Knight of it. At first he only consulted; but he despairing, made choice of a number of desperate Guard-men, which he got disguised, and himself putting on the Habit of an Hermit, he follow'd me, and came to an Inn where I was to lie, where he got before me, and waited my coming.

Mean time, I was in such an extream displeasure, that I wept continually. When we came near to the Inn, the Axle-tree of the Coach broke, and we were overturn'd in a Pond, in which way, Persons more happy than I, had certainly been drown'd. The Knight, who saw that my Steward and some others of my Retinue were come, did believe we were not far off. He presently went forth with the Count of *Montesson*, who was come to accompany him in the same Disguise; and coming
near

near the Cauley, the first thing that he perceived, by the light of the Moon, was my Coach that was fallen in the Pond. At this sight, the Knight no longer thought that he, peradventure, did expose himself to Death. He plunged into the Water, seconded by his Friend, and came to us just as we were endeavouring to get out of the Coach.

My Husband was the first that appear'd. The Knight has told me since, That perceiving him, he was ready to fall upon him, to take away his Life, or lose his own; but at last repressing as well as he could the Fury of his first Motions, he gave him his Hand to aid him; and disguising his Voice, he pitied him for the Accident. I was so afflicted at all those that had preceeded this, that though I was in the Water up to the Neck, I had no thoughts of getting forth. But the counterfeit-Hermit, who in a particular manner concern'd himself in my Preservation, call'd on me, and took me in his Arms, to carry me out of the Water: And whether it was that he was not Master of his Joy, or that the darkness and the disorder we were in, did give him a too favourable Opportunity not to make use of, as he was carrying me off, he pressed me tenderly in his Arms; and cleaving his Mouth to mine, he put me into such a Condition, that I had like to have discovered the whole Mystery; for I remain'd so frighted at the Boldness of this Hermit, that I made a great shriek; and though I still was in the Water, I would have forced my self out of his Arms; but he made use of all his

Strength to retain me ; and said, *Is it possible Madam, that you should not know me? And can any other but I be near you, in these Transports I feel?* I was going to answer him, but I was prevented by my Husband's presence. The out-cry I had made, had reached his Ears; he asked whether I had fallen? The feigned Hermit answered him, No ; but that I had been very near it, because he had made a false step. *You have too great a Charity for us,* said my Husband, embracing him; *but the Heavens will reward you.* He gave him no answer, for we were both almost dead with laughing.

While our People were busie in getting out the Coach, I hasten'd all I could towards the Inn with the Knight ; and finding my self at liberty to speak to him, *Make use of this Moment,* said I, *to let me know what brought you here, thus disguised, and in a time when I least hop'd to see you.* Can you, said he, *make me such a Question?* Is it not you, Madam, that brings me here? *I come to revenge you, and to bring you back to Paris: I have found a Protection, and a fair retreat near to you. Madam, we shall be the strongest. Craft alone will not suffice; but you lending never so little of your Assistance, I'll engage for the Success of the Enterprize.* At that very moment I had a strange Combat to fight, and but a short time to gain the Victory over my self: Yet I resolv'd ; and having returned him Thanks, as much as I ought, for thus hazarding to serve me, I intreated him to espouse the Interest of my Reputation, and to consider that there needed no more, nor so much neither, to ruine me:
That

That I did hope that with a little Management, my Husband's Ill-humours would be calm'd; and that it would be much more advantageous for me, to return to Court without noise, than to give occasion to all *France* to examine my Conduct, and to judge of it according to every one's Humour. In conclusion, That I would not, and that I begg'd it as a Testimony of his Affection, that he would not press me any further upon it. He remain'd in an unconceivable Displeasure at it; for he had been over-joy'd at that Quiet which he hop'd to procure me; and seeing my Obstinacy, he thought it in vain to oppose it. He assur'd me, that nothing in this World should hinder him from loving me, and from coming to see me, wheresoever I should be carried, in spite of all Difficulties. And I gave him my Word that I should ever be the same towards him.

The Inn was so near, that we presently got there, where I found my Women; and Monsieur *de QuerDaniel* coming a moment after. He told me that he was very ill, and that he was wet to the very Bones. He presently went to bed, and charg'd me to intreat the Hermit, and his Companion, to sup with him. They were both so perfectly disguised, that I had no reason to fear they should be known. They came, and pass'd the Evening in his Chamber; and it cannot be imagin'd how much Monsieur *de QuerDaniel* was edified with Brother *Bonadventure* (which was the Name that the Knight had taken); he entertain'd him

but with pious and heavenly Things ; and now and then my Husband would turn towards me, and say, *Would to God, Madam, that Women of your Age, had no commerce but with such Persons as Brother Bonadventure, Peace and Union would continually reign in Families.* I had the greatest mind in the World to laugh, yet would I answer him coldly, That I should be very well satisfied ; and that I judg'd him as capable of edifying by his Actions, as by his Words.

Mean time, Monsieur de Querdaniel being not well accustom'd to Baths as ill prepared as that of a Pond, he got a very great cold, with some slight Fever ; he fretted at it, and would not remain any longer in so ill an Inn as that we were in : He knew that Quinselin had an House not far from thence, and though himself was not at home, he believed he should be kindly receiv'd. I had a most sensible Displeasure at the Resolution he had taken of going there, not doubting but that I should part from the Knight ; but as he came to take leave of him, he said, *I beseech you, Brother, to come along with us, for I have a great Confidence in your Prayers.*

Judge, Madam, whether any thing in the World could do us a greater Kindness. We went away all together ; and when we were come, Monsieur de Querdaniel, notwithstanding his Illness, took care himself to chuse me out a Chamber, in which I could neither go in nor out but through his ; and though he could not suspect any Person there, he however lock'd

lock'd me up that Night, and put the Key under his Pillow.

It happen'd by chance, that the Knight was lodg'd under my Chamber; we were not long before we perceiv'd it, and resolv'd to make some Hole by which we might converse; but when he and his Friend went about it, they perceiv'd that the Chamber was contriv'd after the *Italian* manner; and that by the use of some Pullies, the Floor of my Chamber could be let down into theirs. They would not let me know it, for fear I should dissuade them from using the Machines; but when I was in bed, and that they thought every-body asleep, little by little my Bed began to descend, though I perceiv'd it not: And I must confess, that nothing was ever like my Surprisal, when I saw Light, and by it perceiv'd the Knight and the Count *Montesson*. They had laid by their Hermits Weeds, which was necessary, that I might entertain them with my usual familiarity. Heavens! cried I, *do I dream? or am I awakned? How is this possible that I should be with you, and in another Chamber than that in which I lately went to bed! My good Fortune, Madam, has had an hand in it, said the Knight, with a Smile; and I am persuaded, that this very Chamber has been the undoing of many jealous Husbands, and the Happiness of more than one desperate Lover; for those Instruments by which your Bed has been conveyed down, are so secret, and easie to be used, that those of the subtlest Italians, come not near them. But do you not fear, said I, that your Impatieney should cost you dear? And what would*

it be, if my restless jealous Husband should come to know it? Mix not my Joys with your Fears, answer'd he; and believe, Madam, that Love always protects true Lovers, Well, said I, interrupting him, be silent; we flatter our selves too much. I am bearkning to every thing, and I just now heard my Chamber door open'd! We were presently in a profound Silence, and we heard that Monsieur de QuerDaniel call'd me, and now and then would say, Is it possible I should not find the Bed in so little a Chamber? In truth I was almost dead with fear; but at last he was wearied in being without Light. He went out to call his *Valet de Chambre*, and we made use of that opportunity, to put all things in their right posture again.

We had no time to lose, for he presently return'd: I feigned to sleep; he open'd the Curtain, look'd on me, and said, I do not wonder she answered me not; I never saw any one in a deeper sleep. But, continued he, speaking to his Man, I cannot apprehend how I could seek a whole Hour a Bed so easie to find. It may be, Sir, said he, because you were not well awak'd. I was ready to faint with laughter, under my Cloths, at what I heard, and at last they retired, without any further satisfaction.

The Knight and his Friend, so soon as they heard them go out of my Chamber, let the Bed immediately down again; and we three did pass the rest of the Night together; and when Day began to appear, we parted; and the Knight going to see my Husband in the Morning under the Hermit's disguise, he told him,

him, as a pleasant thing, how he had pass'd part of the Night in my Chamber, seeking for my Bed, but could not find it.

The Knight, his Friend, and I, were in an equal impatience, to have the next Night furnish us with means to entertain us. I was scarce withdrawn, and the Key of my Chamber in my jealous Man's hands, but the Knight, and the Count *Montesson*, began to let down my Bed; but whether they did not make right use of the *Machines*, or that something was out of order, it was not half down when it would move no further.

Judge, Madam, in what a confusion we were, and what Experiments we tried; but finding all in vain, *We are undone*, said I to the Knight, *if you find not out some sudden Remedies, in case my Husband should come.* In this case, replied he, *I know no better way than to swear our selves, and so counterfeit Devils. Act what part you will,* I answer'd, *but lose not one moment to put you in a condition of preserving me from the Storm that threatens.*

They presently pull'd off the Bed-Curtains, which were of Aurora and Crimson-Velvet; they lapped themselves in them, black'd their Faces and Hands, and in truth they were very pleasantly disguised: They took each in their Hand a Whip, and told me, That if *Monsieur de QuerDaniel* should come, I should rely on them; and that certainly he would find himself the Cully. What Fears soever I was in, the shapes they had put on, made me laugh heartily; but I was soon obliged to alter my Tone, for we heard

heard my Husband come in: He was in his Night-Gown and Cap; he had a Wax-candle in his Hand, and did perfectly resemble an old Conjuror going to make his Charms. He came softly to my Bed-side, and was strangely surprized to see it so suspended in the Air, and almost quite-sunk into another Chamber, and to hear me make most lamentable Complaints: For that he should be the easier deceiv'd, so soon as he was come in, I had began to say, with a Voice intermixt with Sighs, and Sobs, *What, must I die then, without taking leave of my dear Husband, whom I love as much as my own Life, notwithstanding those ill Suspicions which he has of my Conduct? But I forgive him with all my Heart; and you evil Spirits that persecute me, be you Witness of it.*

Monsieur de QuerDaniel hearken'd to me, but could not make any thing of my Lamentations; yet he found himself mov'd at what I said: And having kneeled the better to see me, as he stoop'd, and put his Head at the Hole in the Floor, he perceiv'd the two Devils, that gave terrible Blows upon my Bed-cloaths with their Whips. He was in such a fright at it, that he was already preparing to fly for it, and leave me to their severe Justice, but that the Knight, who lov'd him not, would not let slip such an occasion of punishing him, and revenging himself. He seiz'd on his Arms; and though he had much to do to pull him down, yet it was at last done by the Aid of his Fellow-Devil, and both of them fell upon him with their Whips, saying now and then, *All jealous*

jealous. Husbands without a Cause, will one day meet with this sort of Chastisement, either in this, or the other World:

Never was any one more pleas'd than I, to see what pass'd; but at last my Husband made such loud out-cries, that every body came about the Chamber; and the Devils fearing to be known, got out at the Windows, leap'd into the Garden, and quitted the Bed Curtains, and all that could make them to be suspected; and presently return'd in their Hermit's disguises, into Monsieur de Quer'daniel's Chamber. They found him in Bed half dead: *Ah, Brother Bonadventure!* said he, in a weak and languishing Tone, *if you had been with me, I had not far'd so ill; doubtless your good Prayers had preserv'd me: You must by all means bless that most dangerous Chamber, and repeat all the necessary Prayers to drive from thence the most wicked Devils that I ever heard to speak. Alas! they have almost kill'd me with their Whips; Who would believe that such Instruments of Penance, which are of use to make Saints, should be employ'd by these Enemies of Mankind. I had always believ'd, that they were simple Spirits that assum'd fantastical shapes; but I protest, that those which put me in that Condition you see me, have seem'd to me as real as you or I am; and that when they spoke to me, I fancied that I knew the sound of their Voices. What have they spoken to you?* replied Brother Bonadventure: *The thing is still the more remarkable. They told me, continu'd Monsieur Quer'daniel, that jealous Husbands should be severely punish'd. As for that,* replied the Hermit, *I have read it*

in our most learned Treatises; and it is to be presum'd they are not ignorant Devils. I am fully resolv'd, my Husband added, never more to be jealous, looking on me; and I am sorry for what has pass'd betwixt us.

Judge you, Madam, whether any thing could be more pleasant to the Knight and me, than to see him repent. The Hermit promis'd him to make very great Exorcisms, to drive away those evil Spirits: And after he had got into the Chamber with his Companion, and turn'd out every body, they busied themselves so effectually about the Machines, that at last my Bed was set again in its usual place. Some presently run to give notice of it to Monsieur de Querdaniel, who judg'd it to be the effect of Brother Bonadventure's Prayers; and he would not permit him to depart, 'till he himself left the Castle to go to Querdaniel. We then parted, not without an extream violence, though we had taken very exact Measures to write and see one another; and that we had receiv'd a very pleasing Satisfaction, in having pass'd so much time together, without being discover'd, and having acquitted ourselves in part of a Debt so justly due to my too-severe and too-jealous Husband.

The Knight, after he had put on his own Cloths, went away Post in the Night, to return to St. Germain. He was not got there yet, when he sent me one of his Gentlemen, with Orders to put into my Hands a Billet, by which he gave me notice, That before I was got home he would see me once more. The Gentle-

Gentleman did perform his Message so well, that I had the opportunity of giving him an Answer in a pair of Tablets with Filligrine-Covers, which I had about me: I particularize the Table-Book, because it has contributed to a singular Adventure. I writ to him, That I conjur'd him not to follow me any more; that we were to manage ourselves, if we would see one another again; that he might, peradventure, be discover'd; and that it would be a Business not to be repair'd. I concluded with Assurances of a tender and faithful Friendship, and to let him hear from me so soon as I could conveniently do it.

We thus continu'd our Journey; and my Sorrows did much diminish, by the Concerns, that the Persons for whom I suffer'd them, did take of them.

We were scarce come to *Querdaniel*, when my Husband did receive Letters from Court, that commanded instantly his presence there. The King's great Designs could not remain long at a stand; he was preparing for a new Campagne, and for that Reason Monsieur *de Querdaniel* was obliged to leave me. His Brother the Abbot did constantly live in that Manor-House; my Husband writ to him to keep me as a Prisoner of State, and to give him a faithful account of my Conduct. I cannot wonder enough at his forgetting so soon those Oaths which he had made, of never more being Jealous, and by what means the Devils Corrections had been so soon blotted out of his Memory. However, at his parting, he express'd

press'd to me a great Regret to leave me. I did not doubt but that the Knight would be one of the first to follow his Master to the Army, and I did imagine that I should remain long without seeing him. I suffer'd much through those Thoughts; and to divert my self during that rigorous absence, I undertook to finish some Buildings which were began. The Castle is very fine, situated on the Seashore: A vast Forest supplies it with agreeable Walks; all is full of Springs; and never had Solitude such natural Agreements. I took care to add those of Art; I caused a great Pile of Building to be finish'd, and a magnificent Pavillion in the Park. I had a low Room painted with divers Motto's, which did all correspond to my Condition. I set in one a Silkworm at work with these Words:

My Prison is my Glory.

In another, two Palm-trees separated by a Road, which join'd their Branches by bending them down, with these Words:

Though Distance parts, Love unites us.

There was a third, in which a Cupid did appear in a Boat on a tempestuous Sea, with these Words:

Alas! what shall be my Fate?

There was a Woman seen also, leaning on an Anchor, which gave suck to a Cupid, with these Words:

Hope feeds Love.

In

In fine, I forgot nothing that could render the Place beautiful and pleasant. The Knight *Chastilian*, on his part, was preparing to see me; but he was surpriz'd with his sudden departure for the Army. He sent me word of it; and during his absence, I frequently receiv'd of his News, and sent him some from me with great exactness, in spite of all my Brother-in-Law's Caution, who finding me in a perfect indifferency for all the Pleasures that were propos'd to me, and a great inclination to remain retir'd at home, he did not doubt but that my Husband was much in the wrong to treat me with so much rigour; and this good Abbot gave me a little more liberty, in the Opinion that I should make no ill use of it.

The Summer's heat was then so violent, that it was necessary to remain mew'd up all the Day, but in the Evening I would get on the Sea in a Sloop; I would go a League at Sea, and when the Tide was out, there did appear a spacious Rock full of Springs and Rivolets. The Sea girts this Rock round about so, that one may walk on it dry-footed, and when one pleases one may bathe there also.

There I was got one Moon-shine Night, follow'd only by three of my Women; and as I was sitting on the brim of the Rock, thinking on my Misfortunes, and on the Knight's absence, who alone possess'd my Heart, I perceiv'd coming from the Land-side a Sloop, with all the Hands she could make; I remain'd surpriz'd and frighted at it, by reason, of the *Ostend* Capers which visit our Coasts, and who
some-

sometimes make troublesome Descents. I call'd to my Women, that we might presently put off; but those who were coming towards us, having pass'd by, and observ'd my Sloop with Ladies in it, they stopp'd; and after they had consider'd us a while, they landed, and came to us, with so much haste, that I was much afrighted: But how soon was my Fear turn'd into Joy, when I knew the Knight and the Count Montesson! *How happy am I, Madam,* said the Knight approaching me, *to find you here! I was in a great perplexity of the means I should use to see you; but my good Fortune being in Intelligence with my Love, has guided you into this place.* Be satisfied, said I to him, *that the satisfaction which I receive in seeing you, is so great, that I forget for some moments the Dangers that are join'd to it; yet you must be advised by me; do not make any longer stay here, lest my Brother-in-Law might come to the knowledge of it; and that would prevent me of seeing you, so often as I shall do, if you follow my Advice.* I must not seek for any reason to engage me to obey you, said he; *give Orders, Madam, and be assur'd, that your pleasure shall ever be a Rule to mine.* Go, said I, to Leance's Mother, *she is my Maid, and faithful to me; her Mother will also be so to me.* After we had entertain'd our selves some Moments longer, he took leave of me; and as he was ready to get into his Sloop, we perceiv'd an Ostend Caper that was making towards us with all his Sails: He had observ'd us, and did not doubt but that we were good Booty. The Tide was too far spent to get to the Rock; but presently making use of their Sloop;

Sloop, we understood their meaning. The Knight, the Count, and two Gentlemen only that follow'd them, would have stood to it; but so soon as they had perceiv'd the inequality of the Combat, they found that their rashness would prove our general loss: So that getting hastily all into my Sloop, we got to shore, follow'd by the *Ostenders*, who made several shots at us, but we had the good Fortune not to be hurt.

Night being come, the Knight went his way with the Count *de Montesson*, and got to *Leance's* Mother's, where I discours'd him divers times, during the short abode he made there. I durst not permit him to stay any longer, for fear it should be known; but notwithstanding all our Care, my Brother-in-Law, who was both cunning and diligent, learn'd all that had pass'd. He writ it to my Husband, who being now return'd from the Army, did not rest a moment at *Paris*, after he had receiv'd that Letter. He came to me at *Querdaniel*, in so violent a rage, that he us'd me worse than he had ever yet done. He observ'd the Room I had caus'd to be painted: He conceiv'd that all those Motto's were for the Knight, and presently caus'd them to be put out, after he had made me a thousand Reproaches. I murmur'd not, and only told him, that he was to blame to torment me on the account of the Journey which the Knight had taken into *Brittain*, seeing ye knew it was not in my power to hinder him; and that unless the King himself should forbid him to come, I knew no remedy for it.

The Knight learn'd, with a mortal Displeasure, the new Causes of ill Usage which I had receiv'd from my Husband on that Subject : And if I had not taken a most particular care to intreat him not to think of revenging me, he had run to the last Extremities.

But it has been long enough since I have not spoken of the Count *de Fiesque*, to believe that you would be willing, Madam, that I should go on with him a little. He was sufficiently inform'd of the Sentiments I had in favour of the Knight *Chastillon*, to believe that I preferr'd him to him in my Mind ; and that Reason join'd to the assiduoufness which he had for the Dutches *de Sanferre*, and to the Managements which he preserv'd for Madam *Daubray*, had somewhat distanc'd him from me : Yet he did not desist seeing me sometimes, when I was at *Paris* ; and while I remain'd in the Country, he frequently writ News to me from the Army. At his return, he found that Madam *de Sanferre* was absolutely gone from him ; the Marquis *de Carvoys* had made good use of his absence to manage her Mind : And though the Dutches endeavour'd to appear still the same, the Count *de Fiesque's* penetrating Passion did soon instruct him in all he was to fear. He is violent and hasty : That which did help to increase his Rage, was, to see his Kinswoman, the Countess *de Ferzé*, in the Interests of his Rival : And it was frequently in her Appartment, that divers perfidious Actions were acted against him.

He

He express'd his Resentments, and threatned to make a dreadful Noise, if she any longer contributed to the Dutches's Interview with the Marquiss. But though she had divers times given him her Word to the contrary; she never did keep it, when she believ'd he should not know it.

He was of Opinion, That the better to know how all things were carried, he must corrupt one of his Kinswoman's Women: He applied himself to *Margott*, who was the Person which was the furthest admitted in the Secret; and he learn'd of her, that there was a four-corner Match contriv'd, between the Countess *de Ferzé*, and the Count *de Guिताux*, the Dutches *de Sanferre*, and the Marquiss of *Carvoys*; and that they were to go to *Ici*, at *la Basiniere*, and not to return 'till late. The Count *de Fiesque* presently took Measures to break the Pleasures of those happy Lovers, whose Victim he was. He found out the Duke *de Lesdiguières*, to whom he laid open his Heart; he conjur'd him to assist him in the disturbance of that Feasting, by some unlucky Accident; and upon that, they resolv'd to wait for the Coach near *Vaugirard*, and to force it to drive to an House that belong'd to a Friend of the Count *de Fiesque*. After this, he set himself in ambuscade in the Countess *de Ferzé's* Street, and toward the Evening, he perceiv'd the Ladies *Sanferre* and *Ferzé* getting into a Chariot, with *Guिताux* and *Carvoys*, and drove towards *Ici*: He run to give the Duke *de Lesdiguières* notice of it: and both

Conceiving that it was impossible to attempt any thing, at an hour when the Roads were fill'd with People, they resolv'd to stay 'till their return. They sent Spies to enquire how things went at *la Basiniere*. They remain'd at *Vaugirard*, in a private House; and never did Impatiency, Rage, and Despair, equal that which the Count *de Fiesque* did feel: *How happy are you*, said he to the Duke *de Lesdiguiers*, *to love the Dutchesse de Brittain, and to be belov'd again!* It is one of the prettiest Women in France, who treats you with a thousand Distinctions, and, above all, who is faithful. I know not whether I can flatter my self on that account. The Knight *de Vandosme* has already made me pass divers ill moments, and I continually find him in my way: I was scarce fallen in love with the little *Mignard*, when he became my Rival, and has been the same as to the Dutchesse de Brittain. I must confess, that I could not see him assiduous to her, but with such Impatiency, as would have driven me to any thing. But she resolv'd to cure me by the most certain Method; she gave me her Word not to see him more: She put such things upon him in my presence, as could not but torment him. 'Tis true, that since that time, I have not perceiv'd any particularity betwixt them. And that's it, cried the Count, interrupting him, that's it which makes you the happiest of all Men. Alas! Madam *de Sanferre* had not promis'd me less than that, that treacherous Woman! but she has kept nothing: She swore never to see Cavoys any more, at the same moment that she gave him a meeting at the Countess *de Jerzé's*: And having learn'd yesterday, by Margott, this Day's Match,

Match, I expressly pass'd the Evening with her, to see with what a face she would maintain my Conversation; nothing was ever seen more Confident! Her Conscience seem'd not in the least to reproach her any thing, though I purposely sang twenty times over these Words:

But to play double with a faithful Friend,
In the Empire of Love, it is a Crime.

She smil'd at it, and would not mark that Chace; and at last I left her, the most desperate and most amorous of all Men.

They had continued their Conversation, but that they heard an Horse come full speed: They open'd the Window, and perceiving a Man to alight, they believed him to be their Spy. They were not deceived; and he told them, That at that very moment a Chariot had come out of *la Basiniere*, without any Followers; and that there was in it two Men and two Women, which were going towards *Paris*. There needed no more; the Duke, the Count, and three Gentlemen that accompanied them, got on horse-back, and they had not gone two hundred paces before they met with that Coach. The Coach-man was tumbled down; one of the Horse-men took his place; it was dark; the four remaining plac'd themselves at the sides of the Coach, their Pistols ready, threatening to kill all at the least resistance. The Fortune of the weakest was to be led away by the strongest; and with a wonderful silence they came into the House

near to *Vaugirard*. The Duke presented his Hand to one of the Ladies, the Count to another, and those of their Retinue conducted the Men into another Chamber, where they remain'd with them.

Mean time, the Ladies went up-stairs; but what a surprizal was the Count *de Fiesque* in, to find, in lieu of the Dutches *de San-serre*, Mademoiselle *de Ligni*! and what became of the Duke *de Lesdiguières*, to meet with the Dutches *de Brittain*, whom he lov'd, in the place of the old Countess *de Ferzé*! What amazement did seize also those two fair Creatures, when they knew the Men! They kept silence for some time, but it was easie to observe in their Faces and Eyes, the Troubles and Agitations of their Minds.

The Count was in a rage to have fail'd of his Design; and the Duke did feel a most violent Sorrow, for having so much cause to suspect, with so much Reason too, that Person which was the dearest in the World to him.

Whats all this, Madam! said he to her: *You at Two in the Morning in a Chariot, in a Match of Four? You think me very guilty*, said she to him, *in a tender and languishing Air, especially if the Knight de Vandosme makes one; but I ask but one moment of you for my Justification.* The Duke hearing the Knight *de Vandosme* nam'd, remain'd motionless; but re-assuming as much power as he could over his Mind, designing to make a perfect trial of his Mistress's Sentiments; *Hold*, said he, *Madam, it is not now time to justify yourself: We must succour the Knight. I knew*
him

knew him not, and so I left him grappling with one of my Gentlemen, who is brave, but rough withal: I'll run to prevent mischief. In speaking these last Words, he went out hastily, and shut to the Chamber door after him. He stay'd a little, then return'd, with a Look as afrighted as he could imitate; saying, *Ab, Madam!* addressing to the Dutches, *the poor Knight has been just now unfortunately kill'd.* At this News, she was no longer Mistress of her Politick; and abandoning herself wholly to her Grief, she flung herself on the Bed, tore off her Hair, made Out-cries, and gave the Duke to understand, that he had a Rival who was belov'd, and doubtless happy. He went a second time out of the Chamber, as a Man distracted, and caused the Count *de Fiesque* to go out with him; and though they both were but in a Condition to bewail their Destiny, and to run into Despair, they were to think on other things: For the Bishop of *Strasbourg*, and the Knight *de Vandoisme*, who were their Prisoners, play'd the Devil, and swore they should be ready to attempt any thing, if they were not presently brought where the Ladies were.

This late Action of the Count *de Fiesque* was very fierce, and he could not perceive any remedy for it: But at last he did resolve to tell the Bishop of *Strasbourg*, who was his Friend, what a Mistake he had made: He was not ignorant of the Interest that Bishop had, in this Adventure, to have it kept secret; for you know, Madam, that the Bishop was extreamly in love with *Mademoiselle de Ligni*; that

he conceal'd that Love, under pretence of a Marriage which he would make betwixt her and the Prince of *Furtemberg* his Kinsman; and that this Kinsman did already entertain an impatient Jealousie against his Uncle. All that, had sufficient Motives to make a Secret of the Business, and to give the Count *de Fiesque* hopes of easily appeasing the Bishop. He went to him, and ask'd a thousand Pardons of him, as well as of the Knight *de Vandosme*, for the Troubles that he had caused them. He ingenuously told them, That his Design was to have surpriz'd some other Ladies that were gone to *Ici*, and that through crofness of Fortune he had been mistaken.

The Bishop and the Knight remain'd so well satisfied, for having not fallen into more dangerous hands, as they had imagin'd when they were first seiz'd, that with all their Hearts they receiv'd the Count's Excuses, and did earnestly intreat him to lead them where the Ladies were. The Count conducted them, which caused a very pleasant new Scene.

The beautiful Dutches *de Brittain* had not yet wip'd off her Tears, nor quieted her Sorrows; so that when she saw the Knight come in, who she believ'd had been two Hours in another World, she doubted not but that it was his Ghost; and when he offer'd to approach her, she shriek'd, and committed such Extravagances, as extreamly surpriz'd him. The Bishop, who was not over-burden'd with Wit, maintain'd that she was possess'd; and finding a Pot full of Holy Water at the Bed's head;

head ; he thought he did a meritorious Act to cast it all upon her, and wetted her from head to foot. The Dutcheſs, who was ignorant of the cauſe that had animated him with ſo fierce a Zeal, did not reliſh that Action ; and in a Fury taking the Biſhop's Peruke, flung it juſt upon the Lights. It took fire preſently ; and the Biſhop was almoſt mad, to appear thus before Madamoifelle *de Ligni* without a Peruke ; for he lov'd her ſo paſſionately, that he would have given all the Wine on the River *Rhine* to pleaſe her. He ſav'd all he could from the Conflagration, but not enough to prevent laughing, when he put on his burnt Wigg again. At laſt, Madamoifelle *de Ligni*, who was the leaſt concern'd of them all, perceiv'd that the Dutcheſs was afraid of the Knight, becauſe ſhe had believ'd him dead. She help'd to undeceive her ; and the exceſs of her Joy at it, cauſed her to commit almoſt as many Extravagances, as the exceſs of her Grief had done. They both underſtood the Duke *de Lesdiguières's* Plot againſt them ; but they both found themſelves ſufficiently reveng'd in the ſatisfaction of ſeeing one another : So that they all got into their Coach again, and drove to *Paris*, while the Duke and the Count return'd home, very diſcontented at their hard Fate, and much to be pitied.

If Fortune had been in a good intelligence with the Dutcheſs *de Sanſerre*, and the Counteſs *de Jerné*, after having eſcap'd ſuch a ſingular Adventure, which concern'd none but them, doubtleſs they had return'd to *Paris* with-

out

out any Accident. But it was otherwise ordain'd ; and thus it came to pass.

Long since, the young Count *de Tonnerre*, whom you know to be one of the prettiest Lads in *France*, had courted Mademoiselle *de Ligni* : His Design was not only acceptable to that beautiful Maid, but to her Parents also ; so that there was no doubt but that the Marriage would be concluded.

Mean time, the Bishop of *Strasbourg* was fallen infinitely in love with her ; and because he could not marry her, he thought he could not have the satisfaction of frequently seeing his Mistress, but in striking up a Match betwixt his Nephew and her. The Quality of Prince, which he has in his own Country, awaken'd Mademoiselle *de Ligni*'s Ambition ; and not considering those Engagements which she had with the Count *de Tonnerre*, she gave her Word to the Bishop, in favour of the Prince of *Furtemberg*.

What Measures soever they took to keep the Business secret, the Count *de Tonnerre* got an hint of it, and of what had been contriv'd to conclude the Marriage in few Days. He was in Love, his Honour was deeply concern'd, and even his Fortune also : All those Considerations, made him take the Resolution of taking away his Mistress by force, though at this time such Actions are of dangerous Consequences in *France*, even for the greatest Lords of the Kingdom : But, in fine, Love, Spite, and Interest, did not consult those Reasons which had counsell'd him after another manner ; and he
thought

thought of no other means but to put his Design in execution, when he learn'd by those Persons he had gain'd near *Mademoiselle de Ligni*, that the Bishop of *Strasbourg* was to carry her to *Ici*; and to have the greater freedom, they would go in a Coach *incognito*.

The Count look'd upon that Opportunity as the best he could ever desire: He cast his Eyes on the Marquis *de Sablé* to serve him in that Affair. He was one of his best Friends, and a Lad on whom one was sure that no Reflections had any Power. He also found him just as he would have him, ready to undertake any thing, and ravish'd to add this Adventure to some dozens of others, which were all little Master-pieces.

They resolv'd to employ but few Persons, but that those should be faithful and resolute. They sent Stage-Horses before, for the greater diligence; and the Count designing to pass into *England*, it being the nearest Kingdom to ours, and that he had some Reasons to believe he should find there some protection, he judg'd that the Horses should be sent towards *Roan*. The Marquis *de Sablé* told him, That *Malleville* was on that Road; that it would not be amiss to call there, because it is a little out of the common Road, and that they might refresh themselves there for some moments; that his Kinsman the Duke *de Sanserre* was there at that present, and that in case they should want a new Convoy, they might procure one there.

Their

Their Measures being thus taken, the Spies were set to work, and the Count *de Tonnerre*, the Marquis *de Sablé*, with the rest of their Retinue, waited in an House which is call'd *Guebrian's Folly*. A little after midnight they had notice, that the Coach in which *Madam. de Ligni* was to be, was just gone forth from *la Basiniere*; and they did see it pass by, and follow'd it, as far as the Plain of *Grenelle*, where six Horses had been got ready beforehand, to be put to the Coach.

The Coach-man was presently made to alight; the Hackney-Horses were taken out, the Doors were surrounded with Musqueteers, and the Coach was driven on, as fast as could possible be. They got through *Paris*, and out of it, no body uttering a Word. The Dutchess *de Sanferre*, and the Countess *de Ferzé* (for they it was who were thus used) were half dead; the Dutchess did not doubt but it was her Husband which had caused this Business; and the Countess accused her Cousin of it. *Messieurs de Guiaux* and *de Carvoys*, were in an amazement; but there was no likelihood of making any resistance against such a Party, in which all Advantages had been taken.

The Coach went with the extreamest diligence; the Stage-horses were exactly ready at hand, and at last they came to *Malleville*, where the Count *de Tonnerre* had resolv'd to alight, and leave those Persons that were with *Mademoiselle de Ligni*. When the Dutchess knew her own House, she no longer doubted of her Misfortune; and her Grief did so encrease, that

that she would have flung herself out of the Coach.

The Duke *de Sanferre*, who was to Hunt that Morning, was got into the Court of the Castle: He was surpriz'd to see Ladies come so early; and stepping forward to receive them, the Dutchess came first out of the Coach: She cast herself at his feet, melted into Tears, and embraced his Knees: Sir, said she to him, *I am very unhappy, in that you should give Credit to such wicked Persons as would speak against me: But though you have caused me to be thus hurried away with Monsieur de Cayoys, I can protest to you, that my Conduct is innocent.*

The Duke, who is a very good Man, a great Hunter, and very ignorant, was in amaze to hear his Wife: He thought she was fallen distracted; and perceiving the Marquis *de Sablé* to be one of the chief of her Conductors, he doubted not but that she had lost her Wits; and that to suppress the noise of it, he had brought her indigence into the Country: So that not answering the Dutchess, he enquir'd of his Kinsman, How long it was that she rav'd thus? *Sablé*, on his part, was in an unconceivable confusion; for he well apprehended the Mistake they had made, in carrying off Madam *de Sanferre* in lieu of Mademoiselle *de Ligni*; and that he exposed the first of them to the Fury of her Husband, if her Intrigue with the Marquis *de Cayoys* was discover'd; so that he judg'd the best way was, to confirm the Duke in the Opinion he had taken up: *She run mad*, said he, *three Days since; and it came upon her through Vapours*

Vapours and a Megrin, and the Physicians have thought proper to have her brought here for change of Air. What! I mad? replied the Dutchess: *Since when has this Chimera possess your Brains?*

Mean time the Duke, who dearly lov'd his Wife, did embrace her with all his Heart, and wept with her like a Child, for the Misfortune which he believ'd was hapned to her.

But the Count *de Tonnerre*, who saw not *Madamoiselle de Ligni*, and who desired none but her, perceiving his Mistake, fell into a Despair so violent, that he was on the point of Death. The Countess *de Ferzé* could not comprehend any thing of all that was transacted; and *Messieurs de Carvoys*, and *de Guitaux*, were as ignorant. They perceiv'd the Duke embrace his Wife with tender Affection; the Marquis *de Sablé* maintain that she was mad; the Count *de Tonnerre* talk to himself as one distracted: They find themselves at *Mallerville*, where they had been hurried with so much Diligence and Caution, that altogether put them to their Wits end: And if any one less concern'd than they in that Affair, could have been a Spectator, doubtless it had been a great divertisement.

In fine, the Marquis *de Sablé* conducted *Madam de Ferzé*, and the Dutchess, into their Apartment. The Count *de Tonnerre* came; and being alone at that time, they inform'd the Ladies of the cause of the Adventure. The Count did ask them a thousand times pardon; and after that, took his leave of them, not being able to remain any longer amongst Women,

men who could not but be very angry with him.

The Dutcheſs did reſolve to ſpeak ſome extravagant things, during ſome few Days, to her Husband, that he might not ſeek any further into that Buſineſs; and ſhe cauſed notice to be given of all the Myſtery to the Marquiſs *de Carvoys*, and to the Count *de Guitaux*. Mean time, the Count *de Tonnerre* return'd to *Paris*, poſſeſt with Sorrow and Rage. He went immediately home; but finding that Silence did encreaſe his Sorrow, he ſought for ſome-body with whom to complain. He was not ignorant of the Paſſion which the Count *de Fieſque* had for the Dutcheſs *de Sanſerre*, and of his Jealouſie againſt the Marquiſs *de Carvoys*. He believ'd that the Relation of what had happen'd, would ſufficiently concern him to find ſome eaſe in his Converſation. He preſently ran to ſeek for him; and having not found him at home, he went to the Duke *de Leſdiguiers*, where he believ'd he ſhould find him. He was not deceiv'd; coming there, he found the Duke and the Count in the Garden. They both were walking in two different Places, their Arms a-croſs, and their Hats ſunk in their Heads. The Count *de Tonnerre* perceiving them ſo out of Humour, would not approach them; and chuſing a third Walk, there he march'd a pretty while; but by accident they all three ſtopp'd near a Fountain, whoſe purling Streams had invited them thither. They after that came up to one another, and embrac'd, as Perſons that were pierced to the quick with Sorrow.

Ab, Friend! said the Count de Tonnerre to the Count de Fiesque; *if you did but know what has happen'd to me this Night! It is the most surprizing thing in the World. I know not what it is,* answer'd the Count, *fighing; but nothing can startle me, after what has happen'd to me. Nay, Sirs,* replied the Duke, *hear me first, that you may conclud my Concerns to be yet more afflicting and more singular than any that you two can have.*

Presently addressing his Speech to the Count de Tonnerre, he gave him an account of the beginning and progress of his Love towards the Dutchesse de Brittain; and finally, the last Infidelity in which he had found her. Tonnerre heard him with somewhat of patience, 'till that place where Mademoiselle de Ligni, and the Bishop of Strasbourg were sharers; but when he came to that passage, he could not forbear interrupting of him: *Oh! unparallell'd Misfortune!* said he, *you had my Mistress; you knew unwillingly the Infidelity of yours, while that with the Marquiss de Sablé, I ran like a mad Man after the Dutchesse de Sanferre.*

There he gave an account of what had happen'd to him: The Duke de Lesdiguières, and the Count de Fiesque, look'd on one another, hearkning to him as Persons that did not know whether they were asleep or awake. They went over their Complaints again; they storm'd against all Humane kind, and sought after something that might divert them from that Sorrow in which they were plung'd. They went together at the *Thuilleries*. They met there not only with the whole Town, but with divers
Persons

Persons of the Court also. That vast number of People was very unfit to divert three Persons who hated even themselves; they went into the little Thickets. The Count de *Tonnerre*'s going towards one of those Cabinets that answer to the Theatre, he saw a Man go out in such haste, that he gave him no time to know him: He only observ'd that he had let fall something; and going towards it, he found a Letter-Case made of Hairs mixt with Gold: He open'd it, and found in it my Picture and Tablets, in which I had writ to the Knight *Castillon*, as I was going to *Querdaniel*; and the last of my Letters, of which, here is the sence as near as I can remember:

BE persuaded, that I am more unhappy than you, seeing you have the freedom of Complaining, and that they would take from me, even that of Thinking on you. We are absent, and the Trouble is equal betwixt us, with this difference still, That you ease yours with the hopes of seeing me again; and that I increase mine through fear of having the means taken away: Mean time I dare assure you, that it is an impossible thing. Come then, and make use of my Courage and Tendernefs. I shall remain some time longer in my solitude; and that which I pass without you, is to me the most cruel time of all my Life.

The Count de *Tonnerre* was making an end of reading those Words, when Messieurs de *Lesdiguaires* and de *Fiesque* came up to him. This

*is a Season of Adventures, said he to them; see whether you know whose Picture and Letter this is. The Duke took the Letter, and the Count having cast his Eyes on the Picture, gave opportunity to his Friends to observe some alteration in his Countenance: I know, said he, the Original of this Picture, and none but the Knight Chastillion could lose it. I believe as you do, said the Count de Tonnerre; for now I begin to remember the Shape of that Person that went out of the Theatre when I came in: It is he. And with your Favour, continu'd he, what is that Lady's Name? Her Picture does infinitely please me: She writes well; and to revenge my self of Mademoiselle de Ligni, I die with desire to become the Knight Chastillion's Rival. Take not up that Resolution, said the Count de Fiesque, smiling, for you would become mine also. How! yours? replied Tonnerre; do you love another besides the Dutchesse de Sanferre? She lov'd the Marquiss de Cavoys, with me, interrupted the Count de Fiesque. Courage! cried out the Duke de Lesdiguiers; Courage, you brave Heroes of the finest Gallantry! You are in an instant reveng'd, disloyal; and engag'd in new Intrigues, while that chous'd by the Dutchesse de Brittain, I must be such a Dog as to love her still. They had not time to answer him, because the Knight Chastillion, who had miss'd his Letter-Case, presently return'd. He was not put to the trouble of looking for it, for he perceiv'd it in the hands of Monsieur de Tonnerre. He perceiv'd that the Duke was reading the Letter, and that the Count de Fiesque was gazing on the Picture: You are all very busie, Sirs, said he, in making
my*

my Inventory; but however, set nothing to price, the Goods of the Heart have none. You mistake, said the Count de Fiesque somewhat fiercely; and— He was going on, but the Duke thought it Prudence to break off a beginning of Conversation, the more sharply, because the Knight and the Count had lately fought, and that they were Rivals in more than one place. *I render you this Letter, said he to the Knight, which I certainly had not read, had I known it had been writ to you. I return you the Picture, said the Count de Fiesque, because that in such Cases, I am too nice to owe any thing to Chance. And as to me, said the Count de Tonnerre, there is nothing to which I would not be beholden, to obtain so delicate a Woman's Bounties: And if it is possible that she is faithful to you, I would not ask any other Advantage in this World, than to be sometimes in your place. The Duke and the Count de Fiesque sigh'd, hearing the Word Fidelity mention'd, they who knew so little of it in their Mistresses.*

The sight of my Picture, did awaken in Monsieur de Fiesque's Heart, a Passion to which he easily hearken'd, as a sure means to heal himself of that which he had for the Dutchesse de Sanferre. He return'd home, thought some time on the means of seeing me again; and at last he resolv'd to take Post, and come to visit me at Querdaniel. He had observ'd in that Letter which I writ to the Knight, that I did expect him there; that I was alone, and that he should not expose me by that Journey. He thought also, that if he could but deceive me,

and that I should take him for the Person I lov'd, he should be the better receiv'd.

Chance or Design made those Tablets which I have mention'd, to remain in his hands, that I had sent to the Knight, and which had been found in the Letter-Case. He resolv'd to make use of it, to deceive me with more ease; and having feign'd a Journey to *Leuron*, he went towards *Brittain* with great diligence. He stopp'd at a quarter of a League from me; he instructed *du Vignaux*, whom he had brought along with him, and sent him to me. That he might with more ease come to the Speech of me, he said he came from the Duke *de Chaulnes*; and being entred, he made his Compliments before my Brother-in-Law, who distrusts nothing of particular: But some time after having found a fit opportunity to deliver the Tablets to me, which the Count had given him, I went into my Closet, and having open'd them, I found in them these Words:

You have commanded me to come, and my Love has guided me; it remains in your Bounty, Madam, to do the rest. I die with impatience to be at your feet: I believe that if you take right measures, it may be this very Night.

I found some difference betwixt the Character which I did see, and that of the Knight; but I too much wish'd it was he, not to lend an aid in deceiving my self. I return'd where that Gentleman stay'd for me, and told him, That when Night was come, I should go
to

to the Pavillion in the Park ; that there was a Door which answer'd on the Sea , that it should be left open ; and that the Knight should not fail to come there.

With this Instruction he return'd where his Master stay'd for him : And when I found the Hour of the meeting to draw near , I went into the Park, follow'd only by *Leance* : I told her with much Joy, that the Knight was come, and that she should wait for him at the Door , to bring him into the Pavillion. And I had not been there a moment, when *Leance* came in with a Man that follow'd her. We had no Lights, for fear they should create Suspensions in my Brother-in-Law, and that this vigilant Guard should come and surprize us: So that the Night being a little obscure, the Count *de Fiesque* found not the least difficulty to pass for the Knight *de Chastillon*.

If you have any Joy in seeing me, said I, saluting him, and if you do much on my account, in coming so far to seek me, I do no less for you, in receiving you : For it is certain, That if Monsieur de Querdaniel should know any thing of it, there would be no Extremity that he would not fly to. The feigned Knight answer'd all that his Tenderness could inspire him ; and I was so fully prepossess'd it was he, that I observ'd no difference in the sound of the Voice.

We had been some time together already, and were giving, to the satisfaction of seeing one another again, all the Testimonies of an extream Joy , when *Leance* open'd the Door

uddenly, and a Man came in after her, of whom I was very much afraid, lest I should be betray'd, and that it should be my Brother-in-Law, or my Husband: *Madam*, said the Maid, smiling, *the Knight still wants a Guide; I believe that without me, he had not found the Pavillion again. Where are you, my Queen?* said the Knight *de Chastillon*, drawing near that place where he heard a noise: And stretching forth his Arms to embrace me, he seiz'd on the Count *de Fiesque*, who would have pass'd betwixt me and the Wall to get out. He easily found that he had hold of a Man in lieu of me: His Surprizal and his Fury became equal. The Count, who fear'd, in respect of me, the Success of this Business, if the Knight should retain him any longer, endeavour'd to get loose; but in vain, for the Knight drew his Sword, the Count did the same. *Leance* and I durst not call for any help, for those Reasons that you may imagine; and never was any thing equal to our Trouble and to our Fears. We had no Light during all that Disorder; and I was still ignorant which of the two was my Lover, but I thought I could have sav'd them both.

Mean time they are fighting with an extraordinary Fury and Courage, when the Knight, meeting with something under his Feet, fell down; and in that moment the Count was Master of his Life, if he would have made use of his Advantage. But though he was already dangerously wounded, he would not take any advantage; and addressing to me, he said,

The

The Sacrifice I make you, Madam, is one of the most considerable that I could do. I give you the Life of a belov'd Rival; but at least remember, that it is but a moment since your Heart was mine; and if you take it from me again to give it him, you are the most unjust Person in the World. Saying this, he went out in great haste: The Knight was in no less to rise again: He would have follow'd him with his Sword drawn; but not knowing which way he was gone, he return'd into the Pavillion.

I cannot tell you, Madam, what I did feel all that time, nor the Condition I was in. I apprehended well enough, that under the Name of the Knight I had been deceiv'd by another Person. I knew not who it was; and I could not imagine how the Knight had come at that same moment, when I thought I was with him before, and how my Tablets had contributed to this Business. In fine, I was making Reflections on what the Knight might think of me, and what that unknown Person should say of it, in case he were not concern'd for my Reputation.

The Knight found me all in Tears, but far from being mov'd at them: *You perfidious Creature, said he, fear you not the just Vengeance of a Man that is betray'd, and desperate? I should really fear all,* I answer'd him, *if my Innocence did not serve to justify me. I desire but so long time as to hear my Justification to be certain, that you will be satisfied with it.* Yes, *Perfidious,* cried he, with an Accent full of Anger, *I shall be satisfied to find you shut up with an happy Rival,*

in that *very moment* that I abandon'd all to come to you. It was but to make him triumph before my Eyes, that you writ to me to come ~~away~~ with all speed: Notwithstanding your Malice, I still consider you too much to ruine you by the noise I could make; I am contented with bidding you an eternal Farewel, and to retain for you all the Contempt and the Indifferency that your Conduct deserves. Ending these Words, he went out; and left me so overcome with Surprize and Sorrow, that I had not the power to speak, nor to retain him. I flung my self on a Day-bed, where I rested a long while, without the power of Weeping or Complaining; and as for *Leance*, she seem'd unconsolable, for having contributed to this Adventure.

To let you the better understand how this came to pass, I am to tell you, Madam, that the Knight knew I was frequently in that Pavillion, and that he had been inform'd already of the Door that answer'd on the Sea. So soon as he was come, he went to see whether it was open; and pushing it gently, *Leance*, who was near, ask'd, Who was there? He knew her Voice, and conjur'd her to lead him where I was. She believ'd he was newly come out unseen to her, and that he could not find the way back to the Pavillion, wherefore she led him to it. This Maid represented to me with many Tears, That if I neglected to retire before day appear'd, I should run the hazard of adding new Troubles to those I had already. I thought it was impossible; but in complaisance to her, rather than in consideration

of my self, I went out of the Pavillion to go into my Apartment. There was then an obscure Light, which seem'd to usher in the Day, and by which Objects could already be distinguish'd. As I was crossing a great Walk, I perceiv'd (good Heavens! I tremble yet at it) I perceiv'd, I say, a Man laid under some Trees, drown'd in his own Blood, who call'd me with a weak and dying Voice. I ran to him; and being come near, I knew, with an extream surprize, that it was the Count de Fiesque, who told me, looking on me tenderly, *That Passion which I have had for you, Madam, has reduc'd me to that Condition you see me in; yet am I contented to die, seeing I can ask you pardon, and excuse my self on the power of my Love. Let me not die in this place, your Honour would be too much concern'd in it; I am so wounded, that I have but one moment to live; make use of it to assist me to get out of this place.* Alas! what was my Trouble and Grief at this sorrowful Sight! I thought it would be too inhumane to leave him in so woful a Condition; and taking immediately a Resolution, No, said I, *I shall not help you to go from my House, what hazard soever I run to retain you in it.* In short, Leance and I led him with much ado into the Pavillion: We laid him on the Couch, and I remain'd with him, while Leance went to seek for help for him. When his Blood was stopp'd, I bid him adieu, having observ'd that my presence might do him some harm. I assur'd him, That I would visit him with care; That he should not trouble himself at any thing; and that I was
going

going to seek after means to set all things right again.

Upon this, I retir'd, in such a sadness and agitation, that I cannot represent to you. *What's all this?* said I to Leance: *Oh, Heavens! what shall I do with the Count de Fiesque? How shall I justify my self towards the Knight Chastilion? And how can I avoid, but that my Brother-in-Law will know what has pass'd here? Is there in the World a more cruel and more extraordinary Adventure?* Comfort your self, Madam, said she; if the Knight ceases loving you, the Count offers you his Heart. Ha! silly Maid, I cried then, dost thou think that when one loves, the loss of a Lover can be regain'd by the acquiring of another? Yes, Madam, continu'd she, I believe that betwixt two Persons of Merit, he that loves last is always to be preferr'd, or at least he ought to be as happy as his Rival. Doubtless, said I, interrupting her, thou art of the number of those that reckon that one and one make two; and thou wouldst sooner resolve to love a dozen, than to be ungrateful to one single; but it is not so with me. The Count appears amiable to me, yet can I not but hate him. In truth, Madam, replied Leance, I believe that another shall soon seek to build his Fortune on the Ruine of these two Rivals: For, in short, the Knight is lost; the poor Count ready to die: And I cannot believe, but that in acapricious Spite, and to be reveng'd of your two unfortunate Lovers, the Fit will take you one day, of loving your too-troublesome Husband.

So soon as I could get out of my Apartment, without giving my Brother-in-Law any suspicion, I went to the Park-Pavillion: And I gave charge to *Leance* of all the things which I thought necessary to ease the Count. *How good you are, Madam!* said he, after he had return'd me thanks: *And how happy should I be, if your Heart had as great a share in what you do, as your Generosity has! That cannot be,* said I, sighing, and letting fall some Tears which I could not retain; *flatter not your self with that; I owe you my Hatred, and all my Resentment, after that cruel manner you have deceiv'd me. Ah, Madam!* cried he, in a tender and afflicted Air; *seeing you are to hate me, then let me die.* No, I replied, interrupting him; *I will have you live; and I permit you to expound, in your own Favour, that Order I give you so to do. But if you have Strength enough, relate sincerely to me, what engag'd you to come hither, and how your Concerns are with the Dutchess de Sanferre.* He presently gave me an account, Madam, of those particulars that I have related to you, on the forcing away of Madam the Dutchess de Sanferre, Madam de Ligni, and the Letter-Case. While we were thus discoursing, I had sent *Leance* to her Mother; and they resolv'd together, That that very Night they would take a Sloop to come to the Door of the Pavillion or Park, and that the Count should be put into it; that he should be carried to her House, where he should be used as I could wish. *Leance* came to give me an account of what she had done; I lik'd it well. The Business was secretly

car-

carried ; and I saw the Count go with such an emotion and trouble, as I conceal'd from him as much as I could, and which I would have hid from my self.

The Knight's Proceedings, join'd to the Count's Absence, did cast me into such a Melancholy, that to prevent receiving Visits, I feign'd my self sick. Mean time, I got my self inform'd of what the Knight had done, going out of the Park ; and I learn'd that he had presently got on Horse-back : I judg'd by the suddenness of his departure, that he heard nothing but what his Choler prompted him to, and that I should make but vain Efforts in order to my Justification.

So many Vexations and Troubles did not only alter the Tranquillity of my Mind, but my Health was concern'd also : I had a dangerous Fever, which extreamly encreas'd at what the Count *de Fiesque* writ to me, at his return to *Paris*. He writ me word, That he was too much in my Interests, to conceal from me a piece of News which all *France* knew already : In short, That the Chevalier *de Chastillon* had receiv'd very pleasingly the Advances made him by the Dutches of *Cleveland* ; that this Stranger did still preserve very engaging Charms ; and that, as it was usual when any one entred into League with her, she led Persons very fair. The King of *England's* example, who lov'd her a long time notwithstanding a thousand Pranks of Falshood she has play'd him, did sufficiently inform me of what I was to believe concerning that point :

And

And though she no longer has that charming Youth, that pleases and engages so strongly, she pays and treats so well her Lovers, that I easily gave Faith unto that cruel News. My Fever encreas'd upon it, and I found my self in a Condition to end soon all my Troubles with my Life.

Monsieur de *QuerDaniel* being return'd from the Army, was inform'd at *Paris* of my extream Illness: His Love did smother, for some time, the Resentments of his Jealousie. He came to me, omitted nothing that could contribute to my Recovery: And when I was a little better, he made me go for *Paris*. I came there without any Joy. My Friends express'd a great one at my return, and I alone remain'd insensible at it. The poor Princess *de Monaco*, who was lately dead, was a fair Pretence to give a full scope to my Grief. Besides our nearness in Blood, we had very strong Ties together; and I look'd on that loss, as one of the greatest real Afflictions that could have happen'd to me. I having her no longer to inform me how the Knight *de Chastillon's* Sentiments were, I cast my Eyes on the Marchioness *de Verville*, who was his intimate Friend as well as mine. She is one of the loveliest Women in the World: She came to visit me with a world of Tenderness, and she guess'd that my Melancholy had more pressing Causes, than those of the Death of the Princess *de Monaco*.

She had learn'd by the Knight what had happen'd at *QuerDaniel*, for he could not forbear speaking to her of it; and in my turn, I dis-

discours'd it with her also, to conjure her to inform him of my Innocence. *He is terribly prepossess'd,* said she; *and it must be confess'd, That such sorts of Adventure are no longer met with, but in Romances: And am I the less miserable and the more guilty for it?* I cried out. No, said she; *but in truth it in no ways aids to convince him of your Innocence. Mean time, I promise you to see the Knight, and to set forth all the Sentiments of Goodness which you have for him.*

The Count *de Fiesque* came, as the Marchioness was going out. He would make use of the moment in which he found me alone, and so languishing, that he has since told me his Tenderness increas'd upon it. He fell on his Knees by my Bed-side, and said to me all that the most pressing Passion could inspire. I shew'd him at first more of a fretting Humour than I really had; and my Inclination giving a willing Ear to the politic Motives, I thought that in such a Business as had hapned betwixt us, there was requir'd a very great circumspection: That if I did forbid him seeing me, I might draw upon my self very dangerous Effects from his Spite; and at last I resolv'd to keep him for the sake of my Reputation, and I believe something on his own account also.

Though my Mind did still continue afflicted, my Health recover'd; and Monsieur *de Querdeniel*, who no longer saw the Knight *Chastillon* appear, did seem something less disturb'd. My Friends found that I was in a better Disposition than I us'd to be: But how de-

deceiv'd were they! And as to me, how much are the Troubles of the Heart less to be endured than those of the Body! One Day amongst the rest, that I went to see the Marchioness *de Verville*, she told me, That the Knight had receiv'd all that she had related to him in my behalf, on the Adventure of the Park, as a very fair *Chimera*, to which I had applied what Colours I had pleas'd: And she added so many disobliging Particularities on his Sentiments, that at last I interrupted her, and said, with much Anger and Spite, *Well, Madam, he shall never more hear of this Chimera; he seeks to break off, and I'll grant him his desire. Assure him of it, I do conjure you: He has already taken back his Heart, and I draw back mine also for ever: I may well do it, since the Traitor has dispos'd of all his Tendernefs in favour of the Dutchess of Cleveland.* So far I had gone, when I saw him come in, and I then hearkning but to my Resentment only, I look'd on him with a great contempt, and instantly went out without speaking, either to the Marchioness, or to him. I got into my Coach with an unconceivable trouble; I thought the Knight had seem'd to follow me (which was true), but *Madam de Verville* retain'd him, fearing it was to reproach me.

Mean time, my presence had not acted a little upon his Heart. He desired the Marchioness to procure some means that he might see me, to assure me, That he had not applied himself to the Dutchess of *Cleveland*, but through an effect of his Despair; and that if

I took some Cares to re-call him, he should soon return.

When I was return'd home, there I found the Marchioness *de Rambure*, who was staying for me; and in spite of all my Vexation, I was forc'd to so much Complaisancy, as to go to the Play with her. We were seated in one of the Boxes which answer on the Stage: There was the Duke *de Lesdiguaires*; he came and spoke to us; and the Count *de Tonnerre*, who had not yet lost the Idea of my Picture, told him, after he had consider'd me some time, *I am not mistaken, Sir, this Lady is the same whose Picture the Knight Chastillon has got. But happen what will, I find very great Dispositions in me to become his Rival. Have you forgot, said the Duke, that you would be the Count de Fiesque's also? And would you serve Him so ill a trick?* The Count *de Tonnerre* remain'd silent, musing with himself.

Young *Furstenberg* (who of late had married *Madam de Ligni*) came in that very instant; his Presence made the Count *de Tonnerre*'s Ill-humour: He did such things to him, and so put upon him, as had like to have prov'd of very ill Consequence at that very time; but the next day having met one another in a stop, the Prince's Pages and Lacqueys did attack those of the Count. The two Masters engag'd in the Quarrel, fought, and the Prince remain'd wounded.

It could not be fore-knownn how that Combat would be expounded at Court : The Count remain'd conceal'd. But his Desire of knowing me being stronger than his Fear, he went to see the Marchioness de Rambure, with whom he had seen me, and intreated her to bring him to me : *You are idle*, said she, smiling, *to think of making Visits, now that you have so great a Concern upon you.* *Ah, Madam !* said he, *I am more wary than you think ; and I have already thought, that I must disguise me in Woman's Apparel.* *I must confess*, replied the Marchioness, laughing out-right, *I approve of it.* She thought that would divert her , and without any more reflection, she consented to it. The Count de Tonnerre has a clear Complexion, of low Stature , and easie , flaxen Hair ; and though he might not pass for a beautiful Maid, he is taking enough to cause Mistakes. The Marchioness was highly pleas'd in dressing of him, and resolv'd to deceive me as much as she could.

She usually came into my Chamber without notice given ; we were intimate Friends, and I had with her the same liberty. But that time I was very much put to it by her surprize ; and this was the Reason :

Monsieur de Pomenar was a Friend of long standing to a Person of Quality, named the Count de Creance : This Count had but one only Daughter, rich, beautiful, and young ; M. de Pomenar, who has as much Wit as any Man in the World, could not withstand the Charms of that lovely Person : He became despe-

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rately

rately in love with her, and he had the good Fortune to please her ; but his Estate being so small, as to despair to gain the Count *de Creance's* Consent, in the obtaining of his Daughter, to dispatch the Business, he resolv'd to get her by force: He did it, married her, and liv'd with her in a Castle strongly fortified, where he had retired himself, to avoid the Effects of Monsieur *de Creance's* just Resentments. Madam *de Pomenar* did soon return from that great Fancy she had for her Husband. She found herself a Prisoner at that time she thought to enjoy her full Liberty. She acknowledged the Fault she had committed, in giving herself to a Man whose Fortune was much inferiour to her's. She fell into a Chagrin, which increas'd extreamly upon her Husband's Jealousie.

The Marquis *de Quauquin*, who was related to this Lady, young, brave, and rich, was his Neighbour also: He did frequently visit her; he fell in love with her, and was belov'd again; but they were to observe very exact measures, because their Overseer was a dexterous Man, and one that understood all the Tricks of the nicest Gallantry. The Obstacles they met with, did encrease their Affections, insomuch that the Marquis *de Quauquin* being oblig'd to go to Court, he would not depart without having obtain'd Madam *de Pomenar's* Word, That she would use all means imaginable to come to Paris. The thing was proper enough to tempt of it self, but especially a young and beautiful Country Lady, who was press'd to it by a
 Lover

Lover whom she thought amiable. To compass her Design, she did counterfeit Monsieur the Knight *de Pomenar*'s Writing, who Commands one of the King's Vessels; he did write to his Brother that he had made a considerable Prize; and that if he would come to *Rochel*, they should share it together. Though there was no great probability in all that, *Pomenar* swallow'd the Gudgeon; he went the next Morning, not telling his Wife where he was going: But she knowing it better than any one, though she made no signs of it, so soon as he had got into the way to *Rochel*, she sent to fetch a Gentleman, whom the Marquis had design'd expressly to assist her in whatsoever she should undertake, and to furnish her with whatsoever she wanted. She put herself in Man's Apparel, and came in a Post-Calash to *Paris*. She did not doubt but that her Husband, not finding the Knight his Brother at *Rochel*, would entertain Suspicions against her, would immediately return, and follow her with all the diligence imaginable, not losing one moment.

It happen'd just as she had imagin'd; for *Pomenar* distrusted the Trick his Wife had newly play'd him, and he omitted nothing to over-take her: But she had so luckily taken her time, that she got thither before him. The Marquis *de Quauquin* receiv'd a very hasty Advice of it; he went to meet her, before he had got a Retreat ready for her; and when they were got together, and had thought where he should convey her, never were

People more confounded : At last, they cast their Eyes on my House. I was a Friend to both, and their Neighbour in *Provence*. Monsieur de *Pomenar* did see me but rarely ; and though I had a very strict Tie with the Marchioness de *Quauquin*, they were confident I would not betray their Secret : So that without any more to do, Monsieur de *Quauquin* came and alighted at my House, with Madam de *Pomenar*, so beautiful and well-made under Man's Apparel, that I never did see any thing more amiable. She told me, (so soon as she had the Conveniency) That she would be indebted to me for her Quiet ; That she was persuaded that her Mistortunes would move me sooner than another, because I had more sence ; and that I did, as well as she, experience the cross Humours of an Husband : That her's of late did drive her Patience to an Extremity ; that she conjur'd me to protect her, and to keep her at my House, 'till she had taken some measures to get into a Convent. I assur'd her, with embracing her, That she was not mistaken in reckoning on my Pity, and the Desire I had to serve her ; and that I would sweeten the sad Condition of her Fortune, with all that was in my Power. She and the Marquis de *Quauquin* were returning me Thanks, when the Marchioness de *Rambure*, and the Count de *Tonnerre*, dress'd in Woman's Apparel, came in. She presented him to me under the notion of one of her Kinswomen newly come to *Paris*. The Marquis de *Quauquin* did immediately go out ; and Madam
de

de Pomenar fearing to be known, kept up the Character of a Chevalier, with so natural an Air, that the most apprehensive had been deceiv'd. For my part I was in such a fear that she should be known, that I made no Reflections on the Count *de Tonnerre*, that might inform me of what pass'd on that side; and he was certainly also perfectly disguis'd.

The Marchioness *de Rambure* does much sooner than any other, apprehend that which is lovely; and she remain'd so surpriz'd at Madam *de Pomenar's* Beauty, that she thought she had never seen any thing more accomplish'd. She resolv'd to gain the Conquest of so charming a Man; and to get more liberty of entertaining him, she propos'd to me to walk in the Garden. At first we were all together; but Madam *de Rambure* going a little faster, got into a Summer-House, with the feign'd Chevalier. I remain'd near the brim of a Fountain, where the Count *de Tonnerre* had dexterously detain'd me, I not in the least distrusting any thing of his disguise. Madam *de Rambure* finding herself alone, with a Person for whom she already felt so much Passion, began to question him; to learn whether he had as much of Wit as he had of Charms. She found he had rather more, and that on the account of Gallantry he was no Novice; for you must know that Madam *de Pomenar*, to whom this Adventure had seem'd very delightful, was extremely pleas'd with it. Poor *Rambure* was for a long time the Cully; but at last (yet I never did attempt to learn what Particulars

pass'd betwixt them) whether *Madam de Pomenar* discover'd herself, or by any other Accident, she found the Errour she was in; and took notice of it with the more anger, because that believing I had contributed to it, she did not find herself sufficiently reveng'd with what she had put upon me, by leaving me with the *Count de Tonnerre* in Woman's Apparel.

She suddenly left *Madam de Pomenar*, and came to the Fountain, where I was. She perceiv'd that her suppos'd Kinswoman and I did embrace one another with all our Hearts, and that we had already contracted a great Friendship together: *Countess*, said she, *I have something to say to you, with my Cousin's leave.* I presently got up to join her; and the *Count de Tonnerre* finding himself alone, went into the Summer-House, where *Madam de Pomenar* was repairing the Disorders that *Madam de Rambure* had put her in. This had been a very diverting Scene, to have seen *Monsieur de Tonnerre* in Woman's Dress, and *Madam de Pomenar* in Man's Apparel, discoursing together, not knowing one another: But that could not last long; the false Knight spoke such fine things to the false Lady, who hearken'd to them very freely, that *Madam de Pomenar* did fear to be embark'd in a Business, worse than that which she newly had with *Madam de Rambure*, out of which she should get with as little Advantage. But the false Lady, that was mov'd with a Spirit of Sympathy, which she did not well understand her self, made at last so many Advances,
that

that Madam *de Pomenar*, surpriz'd that there could be found another Person still as bold as Madam *de Rambure* had been, look'd on this last with greater attention, and in that very moment the Moon did afford them as much Light as did serve to discover both their Disguises. The Count *de Tonnerre* remain'd charm'd at the young *Pomenar's* Beauty and natural Graces. He became infinitely in love with her, and he had met in her Heart with a favourable return, had not the Marquis *de Quauquin* already wholly possess'd it.

Mean time, the Marchioness *de Rambure* had highly reproach'd me, for having not given her notice that she was in the company of a Woman: *These are of those kind of Tricks*, said she, *that are never forgiven, and which I shall never pardon you neither.* You would be very unjust, said I to her, to render me responsible of an Adventure, in which my Intention had not the least share; and to convince you of it, on condition to keep the Secret, I'll inform you of all. She did promise it, and I gave her an account of all I knew, concerning Madam *de Pomenar's* Adventures; who having no longer occasion of disguise, in reference to the Marchioness, and the Count *de Tonnerre* not desirous to go away without I knew him, they shifted Cloths; that is, the Count took Madam *de Pomenar's* Coat and Hat, and she put on the Count's Manteau and Cornets.

They came to meet us dying with laughter. I rested surpriz'd at a Metamorphosie, which appear'd of so good intelligence. And after we had all made Reflections on this Adventure, we found it so pleasant, we spoke of it so loud, and laugh'd at it so heartily, that our Women, who were at the lower Windows, heard us, and did look on us with attention.

I had a Gentlewoman near me, who was extremely whimsical, and malicious withal; she was always dispos'd to make false Reports to my Husband, and he yet more ready to hearken to them. She apprehended that *Madam de Pomenar* was a Man; that I lov'd him; that I had confided the Secret to *Madam de Rambure*, and that by her Advice I had got him dress'd in Woman's Apparel: That we had taken the Marchioness's Kinswoman's Cloths; and that the Design was to keep that Gentleman with me, unknown, making him pass for a Woman.

This wicked Creature remain'd possess'd with a *Chimera* so distant from common sense; and she waited for my return with impatience, to have the Credit of being the first that should impart it to him. He had been some time at *St. Germain*; and because I could dispose of my Bed, I gave half of it to *Madam de Pomenar*, who no longer quitted the Habit of a Woman: But though she was so beautiful, that unless being mad, no-body could take her for a Man. However, that extravagant Woman that serv'd me; was so
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prepossess'd on that point, that she could not, or rather would not, be undeceiv'd; and I believe that my Misfortune did much contribute towards it.

The Count *de Tonnerre* having not yet made up his Business with the Prince of *Furtemberg*, came every night to my House in Woman's Dress. He found that kind of Disguise the most commodious in the World. It serv'd him to use the greater familiarity with Madam *de Pomenar*; and though she lov'd him not, she receiv'd him so, as to let him enjoy all the Delights of Hope, which are often the most sensible in Love.

Though the Knight *Chastillon* did see me no more, and that I had already told the Marchioness *de Verville*, that I would never hear speak of him more, that Refusal had serv'd but to make him the more earnest. And he address'd himself to *Leance*, because he knew that I lov'd her, to engage her to serve him near me. He made her a considerable Present, and joining to that the remembrance of what he had done for her in other occasions, he brought her in a Condition to refuse him nothing. *I shall attempt all that you please*, said that faithless Girl, *but I justly fear I shall not succeed*. Those Reasons made him tremble; new Doubts seiz'd on his Soul; he press'd her, added to it both Promises and Threats; and in conclusion she told him, That she and her Companion were Witnesses, that I lov'd a young Gentleman more beautiful than Light; that I lov'd him with so little management, that

that after I had let him appear under his own Apparel, I had contriv'd, by Madam *de Rambure's* Advice, to put him in Woman's Cloths; and that under the favour of that Disguise, we pass'd the Days and Nights together.

Heavens! what News for a Man in love to hear, who is endeavouring to forget a sensible cause of Complaint, and who would sacrifice a Mistress, of whose Passion he receiv'd a thousand Testimonies! It is certain, that at that instant he was ready to run into all Extremities: *Leance* had like to have died with fear; she conjur'd him to moderate his Anger, and she did not obtain it, but on condition that she would furnish him with means to be reveng'd of his Rival.

Mean time, the Marquis *de Quauquin* had found out a Convent for Madam *de Pomenar*: He came to my House to fetch her away, whence he carried her immediately to it. She went not without returning me all the Thanks that a grateful Person could be capable of; and I assur'd her, on my part, That I should not cease being her Friend; and that I would give her proofs thereof, whenever it were in my power. Monsieur *de Querdaniel* came two Hours after she went; I was gone to Madam *Daubray*, who was at the last extremity, by a lingering Poison which had been given her, of which at last she died. I had little reason to be sorry, after so many ill Offices which she had rendred me. But there are some Conditions against which no Resentments can be kept.

That

That Maid who had design'd my Ruine, seeing my Husband return'd, and that Madam *de Pomenar* did appear no longer, did the more strongly confirm herself that it was a Man; Thus without making any other solid Reflections, she went into Monsieur *de Querdaniel's* Appartment; and covering her Malice with a false Zeal, she related to him all that she thought to know of that Intrigue, as if they had been so many undisputable Truths. She further told him, That if he would not add Faith to her Narrative, he might inform himself from the Family, of what had pass'd; and that all the Servants knew as well as she, that this Man had put on Woman's Apparel. Monsieur *de Querdaniel*, inrag'd against me, made but a sleight Enquiry. I believe that he would have been vexed not to have found me Guilty; and running in his Head a thousand means of Revenge, he thought that the best way was to feign another Journey to *St. Germain*, because that finding my self again at liberty, I should not fail to call to me that happy Lover; and that when we should be together, he would have the Satisfaction of sacrificing two Victims to his just Resentments. After he had privately applauded himself for this excellent Contrivance in so short a time, he left a Note for me, the most tender that ever he had writ; by which he let me know he had receiv'd an Order to go back to *St. Germain*; that he could not return in four Days; and that if I would do him a little Justice, I should be perswaded that that time would

would seem to him one of the most tedious of all his Life.

This excellent Contrivance being thus concluded, he charg'd his Confident with it; instructed her in all things. She promis'd him to ~~act~~ perfectly her part. He feign'd after that to get into the Coach, but presently went and lock'd himself up, in an Appartment which at that time was not in use, where no-body had seen him go in, but that Person who had lately rendred me such charitable Offices.

The Knight *de Chastillon*, jealous and desperate to find a new Rival in my Heart, did press *Leance* to introduce him in my House, that he might himself be Witness of my Infidelity. She consented to it; and knowing that my Husband was return'd to *St. Germain*, she resolv'd to bring that very Night the Knight into her Chamber, because from thence he could see all that was done in mine.

Things being thus dispos'd, I came home: I was told that my Husband had stay'd but a short time; his Billet was given me. I cannot tell by what secret Resentments, I shiver'd at the reading of it, from Head to Foot, and fell into such a Melancholy, of which I my self knew not the cause. I laid me down on a Couch, at whose Head *Leance's* Chamber did answer. The Knight *Chastillon* was there already, animated with all the Sentiments of Tendernefs, of Jealousie, and of Revenge, that a very amorous Man, betray'd and hated, could be capable of.

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My Husband, on his part, came from that Apartment where he had conceal'd himself: He got up by a private Stair that answer'd to my Closet; and the Door of that Closet being glas'd, he could easily perceive me without being seen.

Thus were all things dispos'd, when the Count de Tonnerre, who was come to seek after Madam de Pomenar, whose departure he was ignorant of, came in, in Woman's Apparel, according to his cursed Custom: *It his high time, I told him, to quit that Garment, though it has been of good use to you hitherto; but after all, Count, I think that it should be very troublesome.* No, Madam, said he, kneeling at the side of the Canopy under which I lay; *no, it shall never tire me, seeing it has procur'd me the satisfaction of seeing you.* Ending of these Words, which confirm'd Monsieur de QuerDaniel in all that had been told him concerning my Lover dress'd like a Woman, he felt his Rage screw'd up to its highest pitch; and giving a Blow with his Foot to the Closet-door, he flung it down: He could not do all this without a great noise. The Count, who carried Pocket-Pistols since his Quarrel with the Prince de Furstemberg, had them ready in hand: when my Husband came to him, he remain'd surpris'd to find a Man so ready to receive him, and so little concern'd at an Adventure in which many others had lost their Reason. He then repented himself for not having made better provision, and arm'd himself with Armour of Proof; but he

was

was got too far to retreat. They shot at one another, and were both slightly wounded.

The Knight *Chastillon*, for his part, was in a strange surprize, to see Monsieur *de QuerDaniel* in a Concern which he design'd to have manag'd of himself; and he was strangely unresolv'd what Party to take; sometimes he would be my Husband's Second, to have satisfaction from his Rival; a moment after, he would serve me against my Husband, and he would gladly have been against all three to revenge himself: But at last his Love carried it; he came out of *Leance's* Chamber, and it was but to secure me from Monsieur *de QuerDaniel's* Fury. For my part I was motionless, and remain'd so for some time, 'till that the Knight coming with a Pistol in his Hand, his Presence drew me out of that Lethargy. Monsieur *de QuerDaniel* was strangely surpriz'd to see him: he is less brave than passionate; and believing that the Count *de Tonnerre* and the Knight were both of one side against him, he fear'd that he should not be the strongest. In that little interval, that they were all three aiming at one another, *Go out*, said the Knight to me; *go out, Madam*. I did rise; and running into the Hall, I found all my People, that were come up at the noise of the Pistol shot already given; I also found Monsieur *de Quaiquin*, and Monsieur *de Sancour*, who were coming in: *Ab!* said I to them, with a Voice that express'd my Fears, *run to my Chamber where Throats are cutting*. They came in, and remain'd in the greatest Surprizal imaginable at
what

what pass'd there. They interpos'd betwixt the fighting Men; parted them; and while they were there, I went down, not knowing where I was going, or what I look'd for. At that very moment the Count de Fiesque was coming in. He was very much troubled at the Condition I was in: *Let us go to Madam de Rambure, said I, I cannot stay one moment here.* He presented me his Hand, I got into his Coach; and it was to no purpose that he question'd me all the way, for I was as one dead with Fright and Fear.

Ab, Madam! said I to the Marchioness, coming into her Chamber, melting in Tears, *you are the cause, though innocent, of the greatest Evil that could have happen'd to me. The Count de Tonnerre's Disguise will cost me all my Quiet, and it may be my Honour also.* I then told her and the Count de Fiesque what had newly happen'd. They both appear'd very much concern'd at it, but with different Thoughts; for the Marchioness had some sorrow to have contributed to this Adventure through her Imprudence; and moreover, because she was my intimate Friend. And the Count was mad, that Tonnerre was receiv'd at my House in a Woman's Habit; he thought that I did not declare, on that account, all that I could say: He remembered that at the *Thuilleries*, Tonnerre had appear'd to be mov'd with Passion at the bare sight of my Picture: That the Duke de *Lesdeguares* had told him in what a Passion Tonnerre was, to speak to me when I was at the Play: And finally he concluded, That he found

found a dangerous Enemy in him. While he was making all these Reflections, the Marchioness was comforting me with Assurances most positive, That she would persuade and convince Monsieur de *QuerDaniel* of my Innocence. She apprehended that to do this, there needed but to tell him plainly all that concern'd Madam de *Pomenar*; and to lose no time, she took with her the Major of the Guards, and they went together to my Husband. The Knight *Chastillion*, and the Count de *Tonnerre* were gone. Monsieur de *QuerDaniel* was got to bed to be dress'd of his Wound; and in no ways would he be brought to hear my Justification. He stubbornly maintain'd, That I had caus'd *Tonnerre* to come disguis'd like a Woman, and that the Knight was of the Plot, though he was one of my Lovers. In conclusion, he made such Reasonings, and so contrary to common Sense, as would have produc'd Laughter, if the share I had in it, had not inspir'd Compassion in the Beholders.

While the Marchioness de *Rambure* busied herself to make my Husband perceive his Error, the Count de *Fiesque*, who had stay'd with me, did endeavour to find out my Sentiments for *Tonnerre*; but I, not being able to hear his Name mention'd any longer, spake not of him. I cried aloud, *He may be the cause, perhaps, that the Knight Chastillion is no more.* That first Passion, which I could not master, did inspire a very sorrowful one to the Count: *Ab, Madam!* cried he, *what a store of Bounty have you for my Rival! and what Indifferency have you*

you for me ! He was about continuing his Complaints, when he was prevented by the coming in of the Knight Chastillon. He came in with such a furious Air, that he appear'd terrible, and not like himself: *Do not think, Madam,* said he, *that in taking your part, I had any other Motives, but such as proceeded from a real Generosity ; for if I had done you Justice, I had sided with your Husband. You deserve those his Severities, and the Contempt of all Mankind. You faithless Woman ! you have not been contented to use me once, in the most cruel manner imaginable, but you must prefer to me a young Boy also, as is Tonnerre ; and you are so prepossess'd with him, that you receive him under the Habit of a Maid, rather than fail. I will never have to do with you more ; and to convince you thereof, here are your Letters, your Picture, and all things else that could bring you again into my Mind.* Ending of these Words, he flung on the Bed a Pacquet of Papers, and went out. The Count de Fiesque would have interrupted him twenty times, and I had seen him clap his Hand to his Sword, in such a manner as might persuade me he did not hear what the Knight said without great impatience. He hasten'd to follow him, with design to revenge me of all the Wrongs he had newly done me ; but I employ'd all my Strength, and my Tears also, to stay him. *Where do you run ?* said I to him : *Have you a mind to contribute to my Ruine ? In the Name of all you love, make not a second noise. How, Madam !* replied he ; *would you be thus insulted on before my Face ? Can*

I love you, and bear it? Yes you must, answer'd I, if I am dear to you: I conjure you to it; return and make good use of the eternal Hatred that I am inspir'd with against that Traytor. Receive my Picture, added I; though slighted by another, it is not the unworthier of you, if it be true that your Heart is sensible. Yes, Madam, it is most sincerely sensible, said he; and I receive the Favour you do me at this present, with all the acknowledgment and sensibility that it merits.

The Knight Chastillon was gone down, in the first motion of his Anger. There succeeded another most violent, of Jealousie, against Monsieur de Fiesque, though he had never known that it was he with whom he had fought at *Querdaniel*. He return'd presently; and coming softly to the Door, he heard what I was saying, and perceiv'd me tying my Picture to his Arm. He was on the point of entring to act, doubtless, some new Extravagancy, but was prevented by the coming of Madam de Rambure, and the Major; so judging that he should not accomplish his Design, he suddenly returned.

The Marchioness did presently inform me of the ill success of her Negotiation: She told me with a great deal of tenderness, That she was very desolate for not having succeeded: That Monsieur de *Querdaniel* would by no means have me to be innocent: That he had refus'd to see Madam de *Pomenar*; and that it could not be doubted
but

but that, considering his Injustice towards me, he had his Heart ulcerated by some other cause: That the Count *de Tennerre* had wounded him, and that therefore they had been oblig'd to leave him, sooner than else they would have done, to his rest.

While she was thus speaking, I melted into Tears, and nothing could equal my Grief; not on the account of my Husband's Obstinacy (for the ill Treatments I had receiv'd from him, were very proper to comfort me against his Hatred), but on the Reflections that every body might have on my Conduct. In fine, to such pressing Evils, I thought that nothing but Courage could be an assur'd Succour; and I endeavour'd to arm my self with so much, as not to fall under the weight of my Misfortunes.

The next day, and those following, my Friends and my Relations came to see me. There was another Attempt made, but useless, to possess Monsieur *de Querdaniel* of the Truth of this Business. He protested, that the very Angels should not succeed in it: And every one did represent to me, That if I should return during those violent Dispositions he had against me, he might perhaps seek after a secret Revenge, as divers Persons have done, since the use of Poisons has of late been practis'd with so much facility.

The Knight *de Chastillon* leaving me, ran to the Marchioness *de Verville*, and inform'd her of what had pass'd. She knew that I

did still sincerely love him; she knew the abode of *Madam de Pomenar* at my House, and how that *Tonnerre* had come thither but on her account. So she inform'd him of the Truth of all things, and at last said, *You seek after means to torment your self, and I foresee that at last you will tire out the Countess: I can engage that she never had for Tonnerre any particular Sentiments; believe me, you still are dear unto her.*

The Knight, who hearken'd to her, but with a world of impatience, interrupted her there: *Would you not persuade me also,* said he, *that she has given her Picture to Fiesque, out of her singular Tenderness for me? If you are very sure it is so,* continu'd *Madam de Verville,* *and that you will promise to bear me without fretting, I will still make good, That that is an undeniable Truth of it; for the sorrow you have put her in, has engag'd her to seek after that Revenge against you, and could she do less at the same moment that you were running her down with Reproaches and Contempt?* At last, the Knight, who was in a Despair at what he had done, and who wish'd for no better than to find me innocent, as to his Concerns, believing himself thoroughly inform'd thereof, did intreat the Marchioness to deliver me a Billet from him. She was willing to do it. The next day she came to see me, and found me so melancholick and alter'd, that she did hardly know me.

It is certain, that no-body could have a more sensible Sorrow than was mine; and that without dying with Grief, I could not make Reflections on all the Misfortunes of my Life, on my Husband's Transports, on the Knight *Chastillion's* continual Suspicions, and on the present Condition I was in. Madam *de Verville* did console me as well as she could: She would oblige me to receive the Knight's Letter; but I refus'd it, with much more of firmness than I could expect from those continual Weaknesses, in which I had always found my self for him. I told her it would be too great a shame for me, to forgive a Man that had so unworthily treated me; and that I had lov'd with such a true tenderness, that I could not but blush, when I reflected on the Patience I had had; to hear my self loaded with Reproaches, and above all, in the presence of Monsieur *de Fiesque*: That it was to be fear'd, that too great a Mildness, might degenerate into a Meanness, which might draw scorn upon me: That I knew of his Commerce with the Dutches of *Cleveland*; that there was no other Discourse in the World, but of those Presents which she made him; and that I did advise him to take Advantage of that good Fortune which that new Mistress did offer him. The Marchioness did not expect so smart an Answer, so that she remain'd surpriz'd at it; and after having made use of all the Reasons, that she could employ to

persuade me to keep another Conduct with the Knight, finding it was in vain, she retir'd.

I imagin'd that I had gain'd a great Victory, and I was applauding my self secretly for it; but the more I reflected on it, the more I found that the Knight had still all the power over my Heart: I confess that I was on the point of writing to the Marchioness to get the Knight's Letter. When the Count de Fiesque came in, I presently flung aside the Pen I had in my Hand; and holding it forth to him, *Come, Count, said I, come and defend your Rights in my Heart. If you had stay'd longer, I had sign'd your Rival's Pardon. Ah, Madam!* said he, taking my Hand, and going to kiss it, *Can I be so unhappy, to find in you still some motions of Bounty in favour of a Man who has so frequently offended you, and who prefers the Dutches of Cleveland to you? I am resolv'd,* said I, *to stifle all the Sentiments, that would speak in me, in favour of him; and I shall be very much oblig'd to you to assist me in it.* That was a very agreeable Commission for a Man in love. He receiv'd it with all his Heart, and pass'd the rest of the Day near me.

Mean time, the Marchioness de Verville gave the Knight an account of those Dispositions she had found me in: He appear'd as troubled as if he had not given occasion for my Change; he resolv'd (to be reveng'd of me) to fix himself, without any reserve, to the Dutches of

Cleve-

Cleveland, who, on her part, omitted no Advantages to gain and to preserve him.

As for me, I found my self in so great a Sorrow, when I reflected on the Stories that were going to be made of me in the World, that I resolv'd to get into a Convent: I fancied that Retreat to be very conformable to the present situation of my Mind, to my Age, and to the Desire I had to shew, by the residue of my Conduct, what Injustice my Husband did do me.

I entreated *Madam de Rambure* to manage that Affair; and the Business was fix'd amongst us, before I had consulted my Friends and Relations upon it: But when I desired their Approbation, they refus'd it very smartly; saying, That it would justify my Husband's Proceedings: That such methods were never taken, but when Persons had some cause to accuse themselves; and that it were much better to keep for some time out of the way; That I had some Relations in *Languedoc*, I might take the Pretence of going to see them; and that during my absence, it might be presum'd, all things that concern'd me might have a new face.

I thought, as well as they, that they were in the right. I did fear the Confinement of a Convent; but I fear'd much more to lose, through my absence, the Heart of *Monsieur the Count de Fiesque*. The possession of it was pleasing to me, neither did he omit any thing to cause him to be belov'd; and when

I consulted him on that Journey, which so many Persons advis'd me to, he was ready to run distracted; and doubtless his Reasons had prevail'd above all those of my Friends, had I not learn'd, that Monsieur de *Querda-niel* wish'd most vehemently that I would put my self in a Convent, and that he very much fear'd I should take another course. There needed no more to make me take that Journey; and much less would have serv'd turn, in those Resentments I had against him. I therefore resolv'd on my departure; I went to take leave of the Queen, and presently every body knew that I quitted the Court.

The Knight *Castillon* having heard it, writ to me, That he conjur'd me to grant him one hour to entertain me in, and to take his Leave of me: That if I refus'd him, there was no Extremity to which he should not be transported. I consulted with the Count *de Fiesque* what I should do: He diverted me from it a long time, but I made him comprehend, That I ought as much as I could to avoid giving a Man the highest occasions of Complaints. Thus did I resolve to speak to him; and I writ to him to meet me the next Day in the Evening, in the Garden of the Palace Royal; that I should go take leave of Madam—; and after that, I should speak with him.

I shew'd my Billet to the Count: *Are you not very unjust?* said he, with a very tender and

and affectionate Air: *You are on the point of going; I have but some few Days more to see you, and you share them with my Rival. That is such a sharing*, said I to him, in an obliging manner, *as shall do you no wrong with me: And seeing you have my Picture, you may comfort your self with that, in those moments that the Knight is to spend with me.*

I was on the point of going to the Palace-Royal, but I reflected that it would be more secret for our meeting, to send the Knight to the Garden of the Simples; so that I writ him a second Billet to give him notice of it. A remnant of Tenderneſs that I felt ſtill for him, did engage me to come thither early; and that no-body ſhould ſee us, I went into the Meuſe, where the Paliffadoes are very thick; it terminates in divers places into Cloſets cover'd, wherein to reſt ones ſelf.

I had walk'd there a long time already: When I heard ſome diſcourſe, I preſently made a ſtop, and the firſt ſound that ſtruck my Ear was, the Voice of the Count *de Fieſque*. You may eaſily believe, that I had ſome deſire to draw near that place, to learn more of it. I came ſoftly near where he was; Heavens! was it poſſible that my Eyes were not deceiv'd! I ſaw, Madam, that perfidious Man on his Knees, before a little Woman newly come out of the Country, which made ſome noiſe in the World. He held her Hands in his; and continuing the Diſcourſe he had begun; *No, my Dear*, ſaid he, *I deſerve not thoſe Reproaches*

*you make me : That Picture that you have found about me, is, I must confess, that of the Marchioness de QuerDaniel ; I acknowledge it : But have I not given you the Story of it, very faithfully ? Would you have me to refuse such a thing ? Yes, I would have had it, answer'd she ; I approve not of that false Complaisance ; and what Reasons soever you alledge, to excuse your self, I shall find them all improper, if you sacrifice not that Picture to me. But, with your Favour, answer'd he, do but consent to stay 'till she be gone ; after that, you shall dispose of it as you please — No more, said she interrupting him ; you fear her ; I will have no sharing of an Heart. At these Words, she offer'd to rise to be gone ; but the Count staying her, said, with a passionate Air, *Ab, my Dear, I fear none but You ! And seeing that you will have it, I cannot oppose my self to your Desires.* And presently untying the Ribband which fasten'd my Picture to his Arm, he presented it to her : And that Slut was going to take it, when, finding my self no longer Mistress of my Just Resentment, I went into the Closet, *Hold, thou perfidious Man ! said I ; hold, thy Victim is not so submitted yet, as thou dost imagine. And as for you, Mistress Country-woman, continu'd I, addressing to her ; your Merit is too slender for so glorious an Adventure.* I snatch'd away my Picture from the unworthy Hand that held it ; and casting a furious Look on the two Lovers, I went out faster than Lightning.*

I wanted this last Evil to over-whelm me with Sorrow: I would no longer stay for the Knight *Chastillon*, not doubting but that he also did me some perfidious thing. I return'd home, desperate, and resolv'd to hate all Mankind together: I order'd that all things should be in a readiness to be gone the next Morning; and my vexatious Rage oblig'd me to take, without any further delay, the resolution of making a Journey, to which I had been all along very unresolv'd.

The End of the First Part.

Memoirs

OF THE

Court of *France* :

Dedicated to Madam the
Dutchess *de* BOUILLON.

By Madam L. M. D.
Author of the *Voyage into* SPAIN.

PART II.



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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Court of *France*.

WHatsoever Reason I have to intreat you to dispense with me, as to the writing those Adventures that I have already related to you, the Desire you have, Madam, to have them, and that Complaisancy which I have for all that pleases you, engage me to obey you, though I easily can apprehend, that it is a thing very nice, and even dangerous.

You know, Madam, that the Count *de Buffi* did not begin to write the Intrigues of the Court, but to divert the Marchioness *de la Baume*, who then was his Mistress. The Praises he receiv'd upon it, awaken'd his Self-love, and engaged him to shew more willingly his Work to others, and at last to publish it. That has been the cause of his Disgrace with the King, and the Loss of his Fortune.

As

As for me, Madam, who make mine consist in the Honour of pleasing you, I am going to obey you without contest; but do not expect that I should add any thing to Truth, either to embellish or to diminish the Incidents; I rather fear being too sincere in the Thread of my Discourse, and that there should be some Passages found, which may not appear to you in an over-regular Conduct: But I beseech you, Madam, to forgive me for taking up the Pen; I have resolv'd

*To call Things by that Name they have,
A Cat, a Cat; and Con, a Knave.*

My Birth is not only Noble, but I dare further say, that it is of the number of the most Illustrious. My Mother died a little after I was born. I know not whether some had a mind to flatter me, but I have always heard, That I am well made; am proper enough, have a good Air; my Hairs are flaxen, and curl'd, my Eyes large and soft, my Mouth small and agreeable, my Air happy and witty. I have a great disposition to Mirth; I am good and complaisant; many Persons, that have more Wit than I, say, that I want none. I know not how it is; but I know at least, That I would not change the Character of my Heart for another.

Some time after the Death of my Mother, my Father easily yielded to the soft Temptation of marrying again: He married *Ortance*; the

she was of Quality, of the Family of *Angeſne* ; beautiful, young, wanton, and wicked : She did not love my Father, who was ancient and peeviſh ; ſo that the Knight *de Seſſac*, who had a thouſand good Qualities, was a gainer in that Averſion which *Ortance* had for her Husband ; and I knew very well (for I had even ſeen it) that ſhe had very particular Kindneſſes for him.

That Intrigue ſo little concern'd me, and I had ſuch an agreeable one with the Knight *Dantragues* (who was one of the moſt accompliſh'd Gentlemen in *France*, and related to my Mother-in-Law) that without buſying my ſelf with other's Concerns, I thought of none other but my own. The Heart of the Knight *Dantragues* was the firſt that did me Homage, and mine was not indifferent to his Vows. But though our Deſires were already ſufficiently tender towards one another, we were oblig'd to bear the pains of a grievous abſence. The Age and Birth of the Knight *Dantragues*, did call him to the Army : He left me with a ſorrow which I did ſincerely ſhare with him. I did promiſe him, that his abſence ſhould do him no prejudice in my Mind ; and I had a very great intention to keep my Word.

Being gone one Day to the *Thuilleries*, for diverſion from thoſe Pains which I ſuffer'd for the abſence of my Lover, there I found my Brother with the Marquils *de la Ferté* : He preſented him to me, and I remain'd, as if enchanted at his good Mien, at his charming

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Air,

Air, and at those natural Graces which accompany all his Actions; a soft sympathy did presently insinuate into our Hearts: His Eyes spoke to me; and I could not prevent mine from answering them. He came to visit me, told me that he lov'd me; and I heard him with delight, and at last lov'd him in my turn.

One Day amongst the rest, that the Marquis was at my Feet, fill'd with Passion, protesting an eternal Ardour for me, my ill Fortune would have it, That an ancient Gentlewoman, who had been my Governante, and who incessantly watch'd me, did find us in that manner. There needed no more to irritate her too-severe Vertue: She told him with great Indignation, that he should retire. And she further assur'd me, That if I ceas'd not from seeing him, she would on that account take measures with my Father. I conjur'd her to keep my Secret: I intreated the Marquis to come no more at our House; he told me with great Testimonies of Love and Sorrow, that he would obey me. And I had been a long time without hearing from him, and was in some trouble about it, when one Morning my Brother came to me. Having drawn near he said to me, *My dear Sister, I have learn'd of your News more than you imagine: You love, and are belov'd. If you desire it, I shall endeavour to render you all the good Offices that I can possible.* I remain'd confus'd and unresolv'd, whether I should acknowledge my Application; and as I was thinking upon it, with my

my Eyes fix'd to the Ground, *Sister*, said he, be less a *Stranger* with a *Brother*, to whom you are so dear, and who would confide his Secret to you, to engage you to tell him yours: Know then, that *Madamoiselle de la Ferté* is the Object of all my Vows. That lovely Maid seeing her Brother in a despair for not hearing from you, has conjur'd me to serve him towards you. It is difficult to refuse a Mistress and a Friend: I have with Joy taken upon me to deliver this Billet to you. He presently gave it me; I open'd it, and read in it these Words:

I Was on the point of Death, when the *Marquis de Merignac* came to my assistance: He has promis'd me that I shall see you this Evening. I know not what I shall do when I am near you; but if I may guess at it, by those Transports of Joy which that Hope gives me, I find that I shall die with Love.

Assist me, continu'd my Brother, to keep my Word. Ob, Heavens! said I, if you expect that I should give you some Advice on this; I shall never do it, how much soever I desire it: My Governante affords me so little liberty at present, that she is become the Shadow of my Steps. Well, said he, after he had thought a little; I'll feign to have fallen from my Horse; that I have hurt myself, and you shall come to my Chamber. He presently left me; and all that he had projected, took effect. I did see, with a most sensible Joy, *Monsieur de la Ferté* in my Brother's Apartment; and in that place, Madam, he gave

him his Word, and to me also, That he would marry me. - My Brother did also engage himself never to be Husband but to his Sister. Our common Satisfaction was extream, and we parted infinitely satisfied to have made up such Matches amongst our selves, which the cross Fate had ordain'd quite another way.

The next Morning, *Madamoiselle de la Ferté* came to see me: My Brother was in my Chamber with his Arm in a Scarf. I found by their Looks, that there was already a strict Intelligence betwixt them. That charming Maid resembled very much her Brother, but that her Features were more regular and soft: I must confess that I remain'd surpriz'd at her Beauty. There did grow a tender Friendship among us; we could no longer be one without another; and in spite of the troublesome Cares of my Governante, I did frequently see the Marquiss.

How many Pleasures and Delights did we relish during that happy time! It seem'd as if all our Desires were fulfill'd, and that nothing could disturb our tender Loves: But Fortune did look upon me with too evil an Eye to leave me at quiet.

The Uncle of the Knight *de Sessac* (by the Mother's side) was an intimate Friend to my Father; he died, and order'd by his Will, That he should be his Heir, provided that he should marry me, and take upon him the Arms and Name of *Charamante*, which was his: That on that Condition, he gave all his Estate to us; and that the first of us two that should refuse

refuse so to do, should have no share in his Succession.

My Father remain'd not a little astonish'd, to learn his Friends last Will and Pleasure: Mean time, the Business was very advantageous to me, his Estate being very considerable; and the Count *de Charamante* (so shall I hereafter name the Knight *de Sessac*, in the rest of this Discourse) had both Merit and Birth. My Father therefore did resolve to follow the Deceas'd's Intentions, not doubting but that the Count *de Charamante* would with all his Heart embrace the Offer.

My Brother was the first that knew my Father's Will; he remain'd exceedingly concern'd at it, believing it a shameful thing to break his Word with the Marquis *de la Ferté*: He also conceiv'd, that he would not let him have his Sister, if I was married to another: And, in fine, he could not imagine what Remedy he could find against such pressing Afflictions.

He moreover consider'd, That the Marquis was so very young, that peradventure before he was Master of his own Actions, his Mother (who would never consent to our marriage because I was not rich enough) would change his Mind: That he could expect no Satisfaction then, but what he might expect by his Sword; and that that would be to fall from one Extremity into another more dangerous. He thought also, that in diverting me, or authorizing me not to marry the Count *de Charamante*. He put me in a condition to displease my Father, and to lose my Fortune; that I had but a slender Portion;

and that, finally, it were better he should sacrifice to me that Passion he had for Mademoiselle *de la Ferté*, than to sacrifice me to it.

He was agitated with all those different Reflections. When he came into my Chamber, I was something indispos'd, and was not yet risen: He sat down on my Bed-side; and after he had tenderly embrac'd me, he look'd on me a considerable time without speaking: *Heavens!* dear Brother, said I, *Speak to me quickly: You put me into a strange perplexity. And why,* said he, *do you alarm your self before you have heard me? And what could you do more, if really I were come to bring you ill News? I should do no more than I do now,* I answer'd; *my Fore-sights rarely deceive me: Speak, Brother, speak, I am prepar'd for all Events. The thing,* continu'd he, *is less troublesome than you fancy: You have learn'd the Death of old Charamante; he has given his Estate to the Knight de Sessac; he has given him his Name, and he has given you to him also. Heavens!* cried I, full of Sorrow, *can you possibly tell me, that the thing is less sorrowful than I expected? What News in the World had I not rather bear!* Mean time, replied my Brother, *I have thought good to give you this notice, for our whole Family give their Consent; and this very Day my Father will mention it to you. And what!* said I, *will you agree to it? Do you no longer remember that you have promis'd me to the Marquis de la Ferté? And can I my self forget him! No, Brother, I cannot; and the greatest Succession, nor my Father's Threats, shall never make me*
resolve

resolve to be faithless to my Lover. My Tears and my Sorrow prevented me from proceeding further; and my Brother, who saw no remedy to my Grievs, was in truth in a Condition also to be pitied: Dear Sister, said he, hearken a little to Reason, after you have heard your Love: I agree that the Marquiss loves you, and has given me his Word to marry you; but he is in an Age not capable of performing any thing yet, without the Consent of his Parents: You know that they did oppose themselves to your Marriage; and you also know, that my Father will never give you to him, without a general Consent on all sides. If we must wait 'till such time as he can dispose of himself, who can warrant that he will then be for you the same as he is now? And if he should change, pray, Sister, consider the Fortune you would lose, in refusing the Count de Charamante's. And what Remedy then, said I, can you find to my Afflictions? It was you that first gave me cause to flatter my self with that Marriage, and it is you at present that would destroy and extinguish my Hopes: Cruel Brother! what have I done to you, that you should abandon me? Who! I abandon you? You are best to add, said he, with some Anger, that I put you in the head to love Monsieur de la Ferté; and that without me, you had never lov'd him. Go! continu'd he, you are unjust; but the Condition I see you in, moves too much my pity to let me reproach you. Think on what you'll resolve, and reckon absolutely on me.

Ab, dear Brother, said I to him, what can I think on, except you will go find out the Marquiss, and let him know what passes? I'll go write

o him; and in all things I will follow your Advice and his. I presently call'd for Pen and Ink, and writ to him in these terms :

IF my Brother can make you conceive the Condition I am in, you will remain satisfied that you are dearer to me than the whole World together. My Grief cannot be express'd : They would have me be another's ; I should rather chuse Death : Pity me, and love me ; that will suffice to give me that Courage I want.

I gave this Billet to my Brother ; he promis'd that he would not omit any thing for my Comfort. We parted, and I remain'd abandon'd to all my Displeasures. That which touch'd me most to the quick, was, the remembrance of that manner after which the Count de Charamante liv'd with my Mother-in-Law : He'll never love me , said I ; he will have a thousand new Opportunities of seeing Ortaunce. She will render me ill Offices near him : There are but few Men that are Faithful to their WIVES ; yet such things are but Suspicions in others, while that I have seen such things most certainly come to pass. At last I did conclude, That whatsoever might happen betwixt the Marquis and me, I ought not to marry the Count de Charamante, unless I would also resolve to be very miserable.

I was still on those sad Reflections. When my Brother return'd, he told me, That the Marquis had been oblig'd to follow his Mother into the Country ; who having learn'd
that

that one of her nearest Relations was at the last extremity, was instantly gone with her Son and her Daughter. That last News, made an end of all my Patience. And as we were consulting on the means that we should take, news was brought to my Brother, That a *Valet de Chambre* of Monsieur de la Ferté, ask'd to speak with him. He went out; and a little after, he brought me a Letter, which he had sent him to deliver to me. I found in it these words:

WHat will you think of me, to go away without your permission? If you are but as just as you are Fair, you will not accuse my Heart of it; and you will easily believe, that I have been oblig'd to use much violence to perform my Duty. My Uncle, ready to die, has forc'd me, against my Will, to follow my Mother the Marchioness, who is gone to him. I cannot tell you to what excess I shall be sensible of this absence: To perform this, I should, most charming Creature, let you know (if it were possible to express it) to what height I love you; but on that Theme, my Words are always beneath the Sentiments of my Heart.

So many marks of Tendernefs, did serve but to increase the firmness of my Relations. I made him an answer, and gave him an account of all the Circumstances of the Condition I was in: I intreated him to return quickly, to assist me with his Counsel, and to ease my Sorrow with his Presence. My Brother writ to him also: And as we were sending

ding back this *Valet de Chambre* with this Paquet, word was brought me that my Father ask'd for me.

I was seiz'd with so great a Fear, that I thought that Hour would be the last of my Life: My Brother comforted me as well as he could. I arose, and went into my Father's Closet: he was there with his Wife, and both of them remain'd surpriz'd to see me so chang'd, as scarce to be known. They ask'd if I was sick? And not staying for my Answer, my Father said, That he was so well satisfied of my Obedience, that he doubted not but that I should receive with pleasure, that Husband which the late Monsieur de Charamante, his intimate Friend, had chosen me: That it was the Count de Charamante his Nephew: That he had nam'd us both his Heirs, on Condition of this Marriage: That I knew the Count; and that I was sensible nothing could be added either to his Birth or to his Merit: That he was well-made, brave, a worthy Person. In a word, That he approv'd of his Friend's Choice; and that already all was got in a readiness for that Business: So sure he thought himself of me, and of the Happiness that I should find in that Alliance. My Mother did interrupt him in that place, that she also might make his Panegyrick; in which she took so much delight, and rested so long, that my Father, who had Business, left us before I could have an opportunity to answer him. I would have follow'd him, but divers Persons, that visited him on the account of my Marriage,

riage, came in presently; and having made me the same Compliments, I remain'd still in a greater confusion, to hear them speak of it as a thing already done. I got free from that troublesome Company; and as I would have retir'd into my Chamber, I saw *Ortance* come in, with the Count *de Charamante*. She presented him to me with a very brisk Air; and after he had express'd to me, in few Words, his Joy for the Choice which his Unkle had made in favour of him, my Mother-in-Law retir'd, telling us, That a third Person might be troublesome to such, who doubtless had some Confidences to make.

When she was gone, I endeavour'd to call up all my Courage; and after some moments spent in silence, looking on the Count with some Resolution, *Sir*, said I, *your Unkle has dispos'd of your Heart, and of mine also, before he had consulted us. What great Merit soever you possess, and whatsoever you can promise to your self from it, I must confess, that I should obey my Father with an excessive trouble, before I had had time sufficient to examine my self on that point: I therefore conjure you, in the Name of that which is dearest to you in the World, to defer the conclusion of a Business, which I am not permitted so much as to look in the face. Our Articles are already drawn, and'till this very moment, I have not known any thing of my Family's Intentions: None but you, Sir, can retard the Effects of it; and that Obligation for which I shall rest indebted to you, shall not contribute a little to let me accept of a thing by my Inclination, which I cannot desire at present but through a*
motive

motive of Obedience. The Count remain'd surpriz'd at a Compliment which he so little expected; however, he did assure me, That he would omit nothing to shew me his Complaisance, though I requir'd such a proof from him, as did but too visibly shew my Aversion, and which at the same time should cost him a great deal of trouble: That, mean time, he was willing to sacrifice his Impatency to me, provided that my Father and my Friends might not believe, that those Difficulties that he would create, against the conclusion of our Marriage, came from his own Sentiments. Upon that, he left me, with very apparent marks of Trouble; and my Brother presently came in: *I am lost, dear Brother,* said I, *if you take not pity of me.* Then did I relate to him all that had pass'd; how that *Ortance* had spoken so much, that it had been impossible for me to say any thing to my Father, and in fine, the Conversation which I newly had with *Monsieur de Charamante*: *Never offer to put it off,* said I; *you must go seek my Father out, and conjure him to delay my Marriage. Seek for what Reason you please to use, but if you return without success, believe that I shall die with Grief.* My Brother had all the trouble in the World to resolve himself to act as I would have him; but my Tears and my Prayers were so powerful, that he could not defend himself from them any longer. He went to my Father, who preventing him, because his Wife had newly told him what had pass'd betwixt the Count and me: *Son,* said he, *your Sister is a giddy-brain'd*

brain'd Girl: She Reasons very ill; she ought to believe, that I desire nothing but what is advantageous to her. Go tell her, from me, That she must do freely that which I desire, or never to see me more. He express'd so much of Anger in these few Words, that my Brother durst not answer him, nor tell him those things which I had desir'd him to do. He return'd to me, and gave me a sorrowful account of the success of his Negotiation.

Mean time, the *Valet de Chambre*, belonging to Monsieur de la Ferté, got to his Master, and he found him ready to return, because his Uncle was dead. The Marquis learn'd, with a sensible sorrow, my Parents Intentions; and he omitted nothing to forward his return: But it could not be with so much diligence but that he found me already married. I feign'd, to no purpose, that I was sick, and as unsuccessfully did I attempt to get into a Convent: My Father, who was absolute and very stubborn, would not yield to any of my Prayers, and I was forced at last to obey him.

It will be wondred, it may be, that having such a tenderness for the Marquis de la Ferté, I did not resolve positively to declare, that I would not have the Count de Charamante. But my Brother did represent to me all those Reasons I have already set down, That if the Marquis should fail me, I should become the Object of a publick Laughter: That the Count would alone enjoy the Succession of his Uncle's Estate: That I should offend my Father, who was a Man not to be reclaim'd. In a word,

I had so much Weakness as to yield to every body's Persuasion.

Nothing was forgot, that Pleasures and Magnificence might appear equally at my Wedding. My Husband told me a thousand tender and obliging things: My Father and *Ortance* could not be tired with caressing me; the rest of my Relations and Friends express'd an extream Satisfaction. At our return from Church, there was a sumptuous Feast; and after that, a Comedy. I was raving and melancholy at it; when I perceiv'd that my Brother, after he had been gone out a considerable time, return'd, and made sign as if he had something to say to me; none could be more impatient than I was, during the rest of the Play. So soon as it was ended, the Ball began. I made as if I had forgot something in my Chamber; my Brother follow'd me; we went together into my Closet, and he said, *Do you know that the Marquis is come; he is in a despair in my Chamber, and will speak to you, in spite of all the Reasons that I could alledge to persuade him to have patience for some few Days. I saw him ready to commit Extravagances: He would have come into the Hall during the Play; wherefore I do not advise you to refuse him a thing which he so earnestly desires. What will my Sorrow and Confusion be! I cried out; and how shall I bear the just Reproaches that he will make me! Stand not so much on Reflections, said he, for fear of losing this moment of entertaining him; come quickly, and specially make no noise, for I have perceiv'd Ortance in her Closet. I answer'd no more; and following my Brother through*

through a Passage, parted by a Partition from my Mother-in-Law's Apartment, we heard her speak in a low and hasty manner. We were going softly, and without Lights, so that a little Curiosity to hear what she said, and a great Dread of the Marquis's Reproaches, invited me to make some delay. We heard her continue in this manner: *You love her much more than you do me, ungrateful that you are; you have not look'd on me all this day. I have watch'd your Eyes, and have found them full of Love for her; and at last I find, that all my Cares have contributed but to gain me a Rival. Am I not very miserable to have laboured with so much vigour, for a Man that stifles his Passion, at that moment that it should encrease.* Her Sighs interrupted the continuance of her Discourse; and presently the Count de Charamante (for it was he who was with her) answer'd, *Really, Madam, you are very unjust; in my Opinion you ought to pity me, for those measures which I endeavour to keep, and for that violence I make to my self, that no body may distrust our Intelligence: Mean time, it seems a Crime to you; but can I do less, at that very moment that I have married a very lovely Maid, than to look on her sometimes?* There! *I watched you, Traitor,* replied Ortance; *you have thought her handsom, and therefore it is certain, that your Heart has a greater share than your Policy in this Marriage.* You love her, and you stick not to tell me so. *I tell you not so, Madam,* said he; *I love none but you, and there is no mark but I will give you of it. If that is in my Choice,* said she, *I shall put you to a severe trial; for, in*
short

short, without giving you the liberty of examining whether I act with Reason, or not, I will have you to leave your Wife this night, to come and meet me in the Closet of Mirrors, where, if you really love me, you will find with me an agreeable Recompence, for that Sacrifice you shall make me. But, Madam, replied he, do you think well on that which you desire? What may Madam de Charamante think? And if it should one day be known that you were in the Closet, what will not be suspected? I'll take that upon my self, said she; and, in a word, I will have it so, or I break off with you for ever. Let's say no more on it then, replied he, sighing; you shall be obey'd, Madam, and I leave the rest to your Care. They presently went out of the Closet; and my Brother remain'd so surpriz'd, that he had not terms sufficient to express it to me. As for me, I was not concern'd at this Conversation, having seen something pass betwixt them, every whit as strange, long before: I presently thought on Revenge, and as the Saying is,

A Woman always has Revenge at her Command.

I went to the Marquis de la Ferté, who was in my Brother's Closet, laid on a Couch, and so overcome with Sorrow, that he could not rise when I came in. My Brother remain'd in his Chamber, that he might not be witness to a Conversation, in which we had nothing to do but to shed Tears. I approach'd in a great disorder and confusion; and after I had tenderly embrac'd him, *Accuse me not, without you*
hear

hear me, said I; add not that Misfortune to those which already kill me: I have been forc'd to give my Hand to another, but my Heart is no less yours. *Ab, Madam!* replied he, full of sorrow, is it possible that you should break your Faith to me? That you have falsified your Word, and that you are another's? He was going to continue to express his Grief, but I having one only moment to remain with him, and part of that moment already employ'd in hearing the pretty Conversation, that had pass'd betwixt my Mother-in-Law and the Count, I interrupted him to say, *My dear Marquiss,* if I consulted nothing but my Heart, certainly I should not leave you; but I am under the indispensable necessity of going to the Ball, except I would stay to have them come and seek for me in your Arms. Remain persuaded, That forcing my self from you, I do the same from my self; and to prove to what an height I love you, I give you notice to go up the privy Stairs into my Closet; I'll leave the Door of it open. *Oh, cruel one!* replied he, would you have me to be witness of your Husband's Happiness? Can you insult over me, after you have betray'd me? How ill you expounded my Thoughts? said I; I will not insult over you, neither have I betray'd you; and if you do what I desire, you will have cause to rest contented with my Proceedings. I left him ending those Words; and after I had been to open me Closet-door; I went down into the Hall, where they staid for me to begin the Ball.

I felt within me a private satisfaction, in the thoughts that I was revenging my self of my faithless Husband ; and that Satisfaction, which made me leave Sorrow for Joy , appear'd in my Eyes, and upon my Face, in such a manner as rendred me the more agreeable. My Husband, who look'd on me with a great deal of pleasure and attention, did regret, I fancied, the Word that he had given to my Mother-in-Law : His Love to her was so stale already, that it was mouldring away. He beheld me young, and passably beautiful ; his Enjoyment of me was new to him ; and Novelty, even in a Wife, is season'd with divers Pleasures. But he was resolv'd to manage that capricious Woman ; and he was of Opinion, that he should have leisure enough to re-pay himself of the time that he was going to lose with her.

When the Hour of Retirement drew near, *Ortance*, and all the Ladies, conducted me into my Apartment ; and after they had put me to-bed they left me. I am fully persuaded, that Monsieur *de Charamante* had not gone to my Mother-in-Law, but after he had assur'd himself of my most sensible Favours ; and have adventur'd to lose her Favour, had it not been that after divers Instances and Attempts made by him, and a great Obstinacy to refuse him on my part. I got up, and went into my Closet, where I shut my self up. He could not press me to return without vexing *Ortance* (who was in the other Closet, and heard all that pass'd) : He went to her, and she was already giving him some tender Tokens

kens of her Love, when my Father came from behind the Tapistry. He had got thither to enliven his old Age, with what was to pass betwixt my Husband and me; but having heard some noise, and looking to see who made it, he perceiv'd, by the assistance of a dark-Lanthorn which he had brought, that the Sport concern'd him much more than he had imagin'd or desired. He did not know, in the excess of his surprisal, whether he dream'd, or was very well awake. But, in fine, perceiving, that if he should remain any longer from clearing himself of those Doubts he was in, his Vexation might still encrease the more by some new Circumstance, he began to lay on his Wife, and my Husband, with all his might, giving them a thousand injurious Reproaches. My Husband feign'd to be no less amaz'd than he, protesting, That he thought he had been with me, because that I had got out of my Bed: That he thought he had follow'd me, but that in the Night, and especially on such a Day, such a Fault might be pardonable. As for *Ortance*, she had little to say for herself; for it was not probable that at that time she should take my Husband for my Father: She turn'd all into sport, saying, That she design'd to put the Count into a Confusion.

In fine, my Father, who was prudent and wise, did think, that in such a Business (and especially with one's Son-in-Law), the least noise would be the best; he therefore seem'd

to believe what they had said, and he retired with *Ortance*.

The noise they had made, and my Father's Voice, had equally surpriz'd me : I did not doubt but that there was something very pleasant in the business ; and to inform my self of it (after I had receiv'd from the *Marquis de la Ferté*, enough of tender Testimonies to be sufficiently reveng'd of my Husband, I advis'd him to be gone). After that, I went and knock'd at the *Closet*-door : The Count did not open it ; but after that my Father and his Wife were gone out, I ask'd him on what occasion I had heard so much noise ? He told me, That they were impertinent, over-curious Persons, whom he had found out and quarrell'd with. We presently went to-bed again ; and it was not without laughing and applauding of my self at what had newly pass'd.

Monsieur de Charamante finding me more amiable than my Mother-in-Law, did therefore prefer me to her ; but she having gain'd a great power over my Father, though the Adventure of my Wedding-Night, which was transacted in the *Mirror-Closet*, came very frequently into his Mind, and sharpen'd his Anger against her. That did not hinder but that she still did govern all ; and for that Reason, my Husband would not absolutely break off with her ; but that hindred her not from observing, with a great Vexation, that there was a great change in his Conduct ; that is, from a Lover, to a Woman that is upon turning,

ning, a mortal Injuy; and as she lov'd him too well to discharge all her Rage upon him. I bore the best part of it, after a manner that frequently push'd my Patience to the last Extremity.

The Marquis *de la Ferté*, on his part, omitted nothing to get into Monsieur *de Charamante's* Friendship. My Brother procur'd him all the means he could possibly towards it: He succeeded perfectly well, and I did see him every Day; but it being usually before much People, we were so constrain'd, that we suffer'd as much to see ourselves after such a manner, as if we had not at all seen one another. I did intreat my Brother to permit me sometimes to entertain the Marquis in his Apartment; but he made answer, That so long as I was to be married, he had had a blind Complaisance for me, because he thought that the Marquis would marry me: That at present he could not resolve to aid me to nourish a Flame, which at last would procure me some mischief: That though my Husband was not jealous, he might become so, having especially *Ortance* always dispos'd to pry into my Actions, and to give them an ill Character. I remain'd very sorrowful at my Brother's refusal; and told him, That he was more oblig'd than another, to relieve me from an Evil unto which he had contributed. I granted I had lov'd the Marquis even before he had distrust'd me; but that my Governante's Severity, my Youth, and

that Time I had pass'd without seeing him, all that, I said, had began to cure me, when he came and flatter'd my Passion, that he might serve that which he had for *Mademoiselle de la Ferté*: That, in short, my Hand had been dispos'd of, but not my Heart: That I was a miserable Victim, and that he ought to have endeavour'd to sweeten my Troubles, when he could not wholly free me from them. He would not yield to my Reasons, and we parted, very dissatisfied of one another.

My Father's Death, which happen'd not long after, did set my Brother and I still at a further distance; for he becoming Heir, and in a condition of disposing of himself, he requir'd of the *Marquiss de la Ferté* an accomplishment of his Word, in giving him his Sister: But I oblig'd him to answer, That he thought himself disengag'd as to him, so soon as he had seen me married, and that therefore he had promis'd his Sister to another. My Brother was strangely surpriz'd at it, and did not doubt but that I had rendred him that ill Office.

Ever since my Marriage, I had always remain'd at my Father's; and though after his Death I would have retir'd, *Ortance*, who lov'd too well my Husband to resolve to lose the sight of him, did oppose my Designs under feign'd Pretensions of Tenderneſs for me.

My

My Brother having refus'd to be my Confident, I cast my Eyes on a Maid that serv'd me; and I believ'd, without deceiving my self, that she would prove faithful. My Husband entertaining no Suspensions, and not being of a jealous Temper, it was easie for me, with that Maid's assistance, to receive daily Letters from the Marquiss, and frequently to see him.

My Mother-in-Law, for her part, having not all the leisure she could desire, to be with Monsieur *de Charamante*, by reason of her multiplicity of Business; and the Visits of her Mourning, which took her up all Day, did so press the Count to find out some convenient means to remain with her, that in complaisance he feign'd a short Journey. They had agreed, that the very same Night, he should return by the Garden-Door, and that by that means they would be together unknown to me.

I lost no time to make good use of his absence; and the Marquiss *de la Ferté* had presently notice of it. He fail'd not to come at the Hour that I had appointed; and he having more love for me than my Husband had for my Mother-in-Law, he was the most diligent; and our usual Confident gave him means to get in.

It is necessary to tell, that my Apartment was over-against that of *Ortance's*, and that they were separated but by the space of the Stair case. She expecting her Lover, had caus'd all the Lights to be put out in her

Chamber; and I was as cautious on my side. Thus all things were quiet in appearance in the House, while on the contrary every thing was very wakeful.

That Maid who serv'd me, having conducted the Marquis to the Stair, she stopp'd there, to prevent any one from following him; but in the Trouble which the excess of his Joy caus'd him, and the obscurity of the Night, instead of coming to my Apartment, he went into that of *Ortance's*; and shutting all the Doors after him, he got to her Bed. He told me since, That she receiv'd him with so much Tenderness and Careses, that his Imagination, that was already prepossess'd, did let him think for some Moments that he was with me: But when she began to speak, he knew his Errour; and the Affliction he was in, put him out of condition of answering to all she had promis'd herself from him; so sudden a Coldness, and some certain Indifferences, did cause her great Distrusts! *Ah, perfidious Man!* said she, *who cam'st thou to seek in my Arms? I cannot flatter my self so as to believe it was me, seeing that so soon as thou hast known me, thou hast express'd a secret Horrour: Am I then so little amiable, that thou canst not make use of this fair Opportunity which thy good Fortune presents thee? But however, if thou art resolv'd to triumph over my Weakness, refuse not to inform me who thou art, and who brought thee here; and do not hope that I will resolve to let thee go, but on those terms.* The Marquis was in the greatest confusion that ever Man was:
He

He thought that confessing would ruine me, because there was no likelihood he should come there, but on my account; and, moreover, he fear'd, that if a Humour should take her to call out, and make People come, that would but produce more Witnesses of his Adventure, and by a necessary Consequence more People to dive into the cause of it; he thereupon took a sudden Resolution, which was very surprizing: *Madam*, said he, disguising his Voice as well as he could, *I am a miserable Wretch, unworthy those Testimonies of Bounty that you have given me: I had learn'd that you were a rich Widow; I found out means through the favour of the Night, to conceal my self in your Apartment; my Comrades are waiting under your Windows, through which I was to go with a Ladder of Ropes, after I had robb'd you: But having got near your Bed, to listen whether you slept, or not, you have receiv'd me, Madam, with a Bounty so proper to move one's Heart, that I no longer thought of my first Design: I thought that the Treasure I was going to possess, was sufficiently considerable; and if you have taken notice of that great Change in which I have fallen, it was because I could not forbear thinking, that I obtain'd all those Favours but as a Thief; I would owe them, Madam, to my Cares, and to my Services, and, if I durst say it, to my Merits. How nice you are* ' replied *Ortance*, embracing him; is it possible you should be what you pretend, and be so worthy of a singular Fortune? But whoever you are, give me leave to see you. No, *Madam*, answer'd he, I cannot consent to it. At least let me know, said she, whether

you

you are well-made ; for I already know that you have Wit and Youth. As to my Person, said he, it has been of late so neglected, that I should be ashamed to give you a description of it : Mean times, Madam, if you like it, you shall judge of it to-morrow at Mass ; for I cannot be without seeing you, after so happy an Adventure. I agree to it, said she ; but fail not ; we shall take measures together to see one another, and to put you out of a Condition, for which you appear to me very unfit. The Marquis at this, did endeavour to rub up his most lively Ideas, that he might part from her with some Credit ; after which, he left her.

Ortance had believ'd, as she pleas'd, what he had told her. She had observ'd so much neatness in his Person, so much Wit, and a Behaviour so different from that of a Thief ; that to gain a more certain information, she had slip't her Hand into his Pocket, and had taken out a Box which she had found there. He had not perceiv'd it, and thought himself the happiest Man in the World, to have got clear off without being known. It was very late when he came home again, so that he went to-bed, and did not know, that at the same time he was endeavouring to pass for a Thief, he himself had been robb'd of that which he esteem'd most in the World.

Mean time, My Husband, who had been at the Rendezvous, having found Ortance's Apartment shut, and mine open, resolv'd not to lose all the Pleasures that he had propos'd to himself ; and believing he should meet with

as

as many with me, as with his ancient Mistress, he came into my Chamber; and I being not asleep in expectation of the Marquis, opening my Curtain, and believing it was he, *For an amorous Man*, said I, *you make People wait long for you.* Monsieur de Charante could make nothing of my Words; he thought I was asleep, and that I was in a Dream: *My dear Countess*, said he, *you have no reason to reproach me, for I am return'd expressly to pass this Night with you.* What became of me, O Heavens! at the sound of that Voice! Yet I had some Hopes, from so tender an Answer, that he had no Suspicion; and feigning to be newly awake, I ask'd who was there? He told me, it was he; and made me so many Caresses, that I had reason to believe he had made no Reflections on my Imprudence. I endeavour'd also to give him a thousand marks of Love: For a Woman is never so sweet, nor appears so tender, as when she would prevent her Husband from taking up Suspicions against a beloved Lover.

What impatiency soever Ortance had, to see what she had taken from her Thief, she would have no Light brought; but so soon as the Sun's first Rays began to appear, she did rise, run to her Window, and perceiv'd that that Box was to enclose a Picture: It was beautified with very fine Diamonds; and in the middle there was set out, in points of Rubies,

She is better in my Heart.

She

She read those Words with some Vexation ; but she had a great deal more when she could not open the Box : It did shut with a Spring, so ingeniously made, that in vain she employ'd her Cunning and Force about it. She went to-bed again, where she would think what to resolve : But the Hour to go to Mass did press her to get up, in hopes to meet there with her unknown Person. He was purposely there ; and having hid himself in the obscure bottom or end of the Chappel, he had the pleasure to see how impatient she was to have somebody speak with her. She remain'd the last, and being out of Humour, she return'd home. My Husband waited for her in her Chamber : He reproach'd her for having fail'd him in what she had promis'd in reference to the Rendezvous : And at that instant, she despairing of ever seeing again the unknown Person, and being desirous to excuse herself to Monsieur de Charamante, she could not forbear, through a natural Inclination to speak, to relate to him part of the Adventure which had happen'd to her : She swore to him, That a secret fore-knowledge had advertis'd her, that it was not the Person : That she would have him speak, before she would grant him any Favour ; and, That there needed no more to let her see she was deceiv'd : And that in defending of herself from the Embraces of that unknown Person, she had taken out of his Pocket a Picture-Case. *You would defend your self, Madam,* said the Count, laughing, *and you were diving into his Pocket : In truth, you*
bad

bad at the same time very different Emploies. That Answer did perplex Ortance; but not willing to go about any further particularizing: See, said she, *whether you are more expert than I; for I could not yet find the way to open this Box.* Monsieur de Charamante, who had bought such at *Milan*, open'd it presently; and he had scarce fix'd his Eyes upon it, but he let it fall, and fell himself on a Couch, where he remain'd as a Man struck with Thunder.

Ortance was strangely surpriz'd; she knew not whether she had best to see what was in the Box, after the surprizing effect that it had newly made; and she fear'd a little, lest it should be that of *Pandora*: But at last, her Curiosity being commonly the strongest of her Passions, she took it up, and perceiv'd that my Picture had caus'd that Disorder in my Husband: *Ah, thou Megara!* said he, breaking silence, *thou art going to be the spring of all my Misfortunes. I was contented; I lov'd my Wife, I believ'd to be belov'd by her, and liv'd without Jealousie, and sought not after means to become so; but thy cursed Curiosity must needs work to open to me an Abyss of Sorrows.* My Mother-in-Law, who was not accusom'd to such Compliments, receiv'd this with all the Anger imaginable: *How now, Traitor!* said she, *are those the Terms thou employ'st to return me Thanks, for having contributed to open thy Eyes on thy Wives Conduct? Art thou so mean and pitiful, as to wish thou wert ignorant of her Weakness and thy Shame, that thou may'st become here-*
after

after the Object of publick Laughter? It is in calling me Megara that thou pay'st me for my good Office towards thee; and thou dost cast thy Revenge on the Guiltless, in lieu of exercising it on the Guilty. Ending these Words, she flung herself at him like a Fury, employing her Teeth and Nails to serve her Rage. But the Count, who was already in too ill an Humour, did soon reduce her into a Condition of having more need to defend herself than to attack.

While these things were transacting in *Ortance's* Closet, the *Marquis de la Ferté* was scarce got home from Church, where he had taken the pleasure of seeing her fret, but he miss'd his Picture. After he had look'd for it very earnestly, calling to mind what had pass'd betwixt him and *Ortance*, he did not doubt but that she had taken it from him; and his Despair did highly encrease, because he could find but very evil Consequences that could result from such an Accident, which oblig'd him to write to me presently in these terms:

I*F you were less assur'd of my Love, I should fear lest you should suspect me of Neglect, when I have inform'd you, my dear Countess, of the ill Fortune I have had to be robb'd of your Picture: That Evil has been preceeded by another, to me as great, seeing that this last Night, which was design'd to fill me with Pleasures, has done the same with Sorrow. In a word, I have pass'd it with *Ortance*, through the strangest Adventure that could happen: I thought to enter into your*
Apart-

Apartment, when I found my self lock'd in hers, and even in her Arms : Be not jealous at it, my dear Countess, I have not been disloyal to you. Mean time, according to all appearance, she has seiz'd on your Picture, which I had about me : Judge of the Trouble I am in, both for its Loss, and those ill Consequences which I fear. Take all the measures you can possible to prevent them, and dispose of my Fortune and Life, as of a thing wholly yours. I am further to let you know, that Ortance has not known me. Adieu. Let me hear from you ; I have great need of it, to prevent me from dying with Grief.

It may easily be guess'd in what sorrow this News did plunge me ! After I had thought on it a long while, I imagin'd that some means or other might be found, to get me out of this troublesome Business ; and I immediately made this Answer for the Marquis :

I*F it is true, That you have not been unfaithful to me ; I comfort my self of all the rest : But the thing is hard to be believ'd, and to find one's self in the Night, within the Arms of a Woman of Ortance's Humour, to be young, and in good health ; my dear Marquis, I dare not drive any further the Circumstances of my Reflections, for fear of not finding any satisfaction in them : I yet am ignorant of what is to follow this first Adventure ; but a Sentiment of Self-Love assures me, That a Woman of Wit can always get out of the Briars.*

When

When I had clos'd and sent my Billet, I thought to conserve my Brother in my Interests, though we had been for some time very cold to one another. I was certain, that it would not be very difficult for me to awaken his Tenderneſs towards me: upon this, I went into his Apartment; he ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at my Viſit, and willing to receive me with ſome kind of Ceremony, *My dear Brother*, ſaid I to him, *I came to conjure you to forget thoſe Faults in appearance, which I have made in reſpect to your ſelf. I ſay apparently; for you are too dear to me, to have my Heart's Conſent to any thing that could diſpleaſe you. I am fallen under the moſt nice Circumſtances in the World, and even the moſt dangerous: Will you not aſſiſt me to get out of them?* Yes, certainly, replied he, giving me great Teſtimonies of a tender Friendſhip, *you may always reckon on me; wherefore, dear Siſter, you need but to ſpeak to be obey'd.*

I then told him how that *Ortance* had my Picture, with all the Circumſtances that had cauſed it to fall into her Hands. In truth it was not without great ſhame that I was oblig'd to tell him, That I was expecting the *Marquiſ de la Ferté*; but as I was oblig'd to conceal nothing, or to ſay nothing at all, I thought it was better for me to receive that ſhame before him only, than before all the World. When I had done ſpeaking, *What have I to ſay to you, Siſter*, replied he, *if you were in another ſtation? for at preſent, it were but to inſult over your Miſfortunes. But of truth, I cannot but blame*
your

your Obstinacy in losing your self: Good Heavens! have you not all that a reasonable Woman can desire? a gallant Man to your Husband, of Quality, Rich, a great Retinue, great Liberty, and good Company. Are you going to do, said I, as the Pedant in the Fable, who let his Disciple drown, while he was telling him the Dangers there were in exposing one's self on the Water? You are in the right, said he, dear Sister; I must keep my sad Reflections for another time: But what would you have me do at present? I would, said I, that at the least noise that the Business I spoke to you will cause, you say, That retiring into your Apartment, you found that of Ortance open: That some Curiosity invited you to go into it: That she cunningly took from you my Picture: And finally, That the shame of having been with her, more happy than you desired, did engage you to refuse telling her who you were. This is a new Story, interrupted he; but I confess, That if others were of my Mind, they would not believe it: And should it be so? Do you think it very pleasant for me to take upon my self such an Adventure? But if it should chance to be believ'd, to what will you not expose me? For as to the World, what will it be thought of a Man, who scarce sees his Father dead, but he goes to fill his place in his Bed? And as to Ortance, you are to know, That already she endeavours, by her Words and Caresses, to gain me to her: So shall I be persecuted by her. And if I do avoid her, I shall become the Object of her Hatred, for not being that of her Love. Consider, besides, That if it appears that I hearken, and follow so blindfoldly

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my Passions, as to seek after my Mother-in-Law (she who has no more of a charming Youth), when it will be known that I had your Picture about me; yours, I say, who is so fit to be belov'd. May not People think all that I dare not express to you: In a word, dear Sister, I give you not all these Reasons, continu'd he, to dispence me from serving you, but only to engage you to furnish me with means to do it. Dear Brother, I answer'd, I approve of all you have said; but great Evils require potent Remedies: It seems to hear you speak as if this Scene was to appear before the World: Perceive you not that it will be acted amongst us, and that we are all equally oblig'd to keep it secret? Thus you hazard but little of your Honour, to save mine entirely.

He was still unresolv'd, when the noise of those Blows which were given in Ortance's Closet, and her Out-cries, did oblige us to go into the Gallery: Go, Brother, said I, *this may prove a means to justify me. I know not what passes, but you may easily hear that it is betwixt my Husband and my Mother-in-Law. My Brother being of my Mind, did leave me, and ran into the Closet, while I rested against the Partition (which I have before mention'd) to hear what was going to pass.*

When my Brother came in, the Count and Ortance ceas'd their Combat; but it sufficiently appear'd, in the Condition they were, that it had been fierce; for her Hairs were dishevell'd, her Face was scratch'd, and her Eyes full of Fury. My Husband was but little better; and as my Brother

was

was going in, perceiving the Picture-Box on the Table, he went and took it with great demonstrations of Joy : After that , addressing to Ortance , Madam , said he , I did not think I had so ill satisfied you, as to give you the occasion of Revenge, in taking my Sister's Picture from me. What say you, interrupted my Husband, very earnestly, Was it from you that she took that Picture ? Why, continu'd my Brother, does she say it after another manner ? Yes, certainly, cried out Ortance , I say it quite after another manner ; and I find you very bold to come and trouble me here in my Concerns. I had no design to offend you, Madam, answer'd he, smiling, when I came ; it was but to spare some Blows. And if I will be beaten ! said she, in a tone of Anger ; you are a very pretty Fellow indeed ! Nay, as to the basting, said my Brother, Madam, I consent to it. Sir, said the Count, interrupting her, spend not time to answer this impertinent Woman ; and oblige me so far as to inform me when she took this Picture from you. It was this Night, said my Brother ; I desire you to dispence me from telling you all the Circumstances ; Madam knows them better than I do, and I believe has not forgotten that she was not quite so angry then, as she is now. Good Heavens ! cried out Monsieur de Charamante, embracing him, I cannot express to you the great satisfaction I receive ! She would have put into my Head most dreadful things against my Wife, and that was the cause of that disorder you found us in : But seeing that Madam de Charamante is innocent, let me intreat that what has pass'd may be kept from her ; for I

am persuaded the knowledge of it would not let her live any longer with this wicked Woman. Ortance, in this excessive surprize, had not one Word to say ; she did not doubt but that my Brother spoke Truth, but she could not apprehend on what account he had come to her ; she who had been so forward, and yet never had been answer'd by him. Thus did she confound herself in her own Reflections, and did bear, without murmur, those Reproaches which my Husband and my Brother did say to her.

They left her, with signs of great Contempt, and went together into the Garden, where the Count, to justify his Proceedings towards her, and his Suspicions of me, gave my Brother an account of all that had pass'd, except his rendezvous with Ortance : *And judge, said he, whether I had not very apparent Causes of Complaints : I went into my Wife's Chamber, at my return from a small Journey ; she told me, That for a Man deeply in love, I caused my self to be long waited for : Of truth I believe she was in a Dream ; but joining to this, That at the same time a Man passes the Night with Ortance she not knowing him : That she takes from him Madam de Charamante's Picture ; and that, on my part, I was absent, and was return'd unknown to any one. In Conscience who could forbear giving credit to so many Circumstances. My Brother, who did but too much approve of his Reasons, and who fear'd that in seeking to justify further his Suspicions, it might be the means to confirm them rather, hasten'd to tell him,*
That,

That there was no occasion to justify a Business which appear'd so clear already: That for his part, he had not thought less from so many appearances, but that commonly they were all found to be false. Upon this, they embrac'd; and my Brother put off to the next Day, the giving me an account of his proceedings, for fear his Earnestness should be taken notice of, and that it might have an ill effect amongst People, who perhaps were not yet well settled in their Minds.

I writ to the Marquis *de la Ferté* what had pass'd, and I made no shew in the least at home, that I knew any thing at all of that Business. The next morning, my Brother came into my Apartment; I ran to him, and I omitted nothing to express a tender acknowledgment: *You owe me more than you think, Sister*, said he, with a sorrowful look; and *I was not deceiv'd, in believing that Ortance would be ready dispos'd to commit new Follies. See the Billet which she has newly writ to me: Is there any thing equal to her Impudence!* I took it from him, and read in it these following Words:

M*Y Tenderness stifles my Resentment; I am no longer in a Condition to make you any Reproaches on what has pass'd betwixt us; but remember that I must be belov'd, and answer with all your Heart to the Ardour of mine: You are not ignorant that there are but few Women more amiable than I am, when Love is to be decided betwixt two only. I might be younger, and in that please you more, but then I should be less prudent, and*

more fickle ; and should make you purchase, with a thousand Cares, and a thousand Troubles, an Heart, of which I have given you possession, even before you were so curious as to desire it.

Well, Sister, continu'd my Brother, had I not a true fore-knowledge? Now am I expos'd to the persecution of this new Phœdra ; and I had a thousand times rather have the sad Adventure of Hypolita, than flatter her Desires. You censure your self too much about it, said I ; you must send her word that you have not found her so lovely as she fancies to be ; when one to one ; and that she may seek elsewhere, without any opposition from you. I had better, said he, smiling, intreat her to give me a Pill : Good Heavens ! Sister, will you not apprehend this Woman's Temper ? You forget to what excess she loves herself, and to what height she will be belov'd. If once she believes that I will have no longer any commerce with her, proud as she is, to see herself neglected, after such Advantages that she had made me, and especially during an accomplish'd Intrigue with another, there are no Extremities that she will not run into. To rid your self presently of this trouble, I said, you must marry Mademoiselle de la Ferté ; I promise you, dear Brother, to omit nothing on that account for your satisfaction. I am infinitely oblig'd to you for it, said he, and I do not doubt of any thing that you would do in favour of me ; but you have yet better means to shew me your Kindness. Speak it then, I said, interrupting him, for there is nothing but I would do for you with pleasure. I fear much that you will not have so much Kindness

ness for me as you mention, continu'd he, when I have once conjur'd you, in the Name of that Friendship which you promise me, and for your own sake, and your own quiet, to put an end for ever, to that Conversation that you have with the Marquiss de la Ferté. I do not here pretend to represent to you what you owe to your own Honour, and the secret satisfaction that a reasonable Person finds, in observing the Rules of her Duty. But laying aside all those Considerations, which however are very powerful; see with what trouble your Life is to be accompanied, if you cure not your self of such a Passion: You are newly got out of so nice a Business, which you cannot too much avoid for the future. It will not always happen that I shall be in the way, ready to unravel the Intrigue at my own cost: And though I should willingly do it, Do you believe that your Husband will remain blind, from the first, to the last Day of his Life? I say blind, for in truth he has been catch'd in a very coarse Net.

Mean time, though he is at present without Suspicion, the least appearance will presently revive them: Ortance, who hates you, will omit nothing to discover something or other to your disadvantage; and Heaven knows what Colours she would lay on! Nay, I shall oppose my self, dear Sister, to your Passion: I shall not do it, in ruining you with a noise; but when all is done, I have the Principles of an honest Man: And if I lend all my Cares, in persuading your Husband in what you desire, I do not design for all that, to dispence with that which I owe to my self. For Heaven's sake consider! What would the Marquiss de la Ferté think of me, that I would

down-right be your Confident ? And that I should allow you to continue in a Commerce, which, early or late, must ruine you, and would cause me a mortal Displeasure ? I have heard, without interrupting of you, said I ; but it has not been without wondering at the severity you have for me : I had thought hitherto, that there was none but an Husband that could of right be jealous of his Wife's Heart, or a Lover of his Mistress. But as for you, dear Brother, what entitles you to any power over my Conduct ? And, 'till now, in what has it dishonour'd your Bloud ? Do you think that it is as easie to divest one's self of a Passion, as of a Suit of Cloths ? It is much more easie to defend, than to cure one's self of it. I began to love, with lawful Hopes : I have been sacrific'd to the Will of an Uncle, you know it to be true : You should pity me, and ease my Grief, mean time you persecute me. Nay, if my Passion was known in the World, and that you should bear of it to my prejudice, I should yield to receive your Advice : But I take such care to keep it secret, that I conceal it from myself, in all that I can. That is a proof, replied my Brother, that you own it a Guilt, seeing you dare not open your Eyes upon it. Is it not a sad Business, that you will not correct your self, but after you have made a noise in the World ? Will it then be time to give you Advice, when your Secret is become that of a Comedy, and that it will be whisper'd in all Ears, in the Age we live ? Such Stories are posted up ; will it be a fit time, when you are come to that to break off your Commerce ? I must confess, said I, that I should be comfortless, though I have on this Subject a particular nicety ; for who is that vertuous Person, who continually pre-

*preserves an unblemish'd Fidelity to her Husband?
And those who so much preach up the severe Vertue,
are the same who in secret say,*

It is not Love destroys us ; but the way
Of making Love, does our Secrets betray.

You have very great Austerities , said my Brother, very seriously ; and you know how to speak them to the purpose. I assure you, mean time, that I am extreamly mortified, by those Dispositions I find you in ; for I foresee that we are going to fall again into our first Coldness. He would have retir'd saying these Words ; but I staid him ; and embracing him with great tenderness, My dear Brother, said I, I do not promise you to be victorious, but I promise you to neglect nothing to that purpose : I love you, and I owe you so much, and you advise me so judiciously, that I cannot refuse doing what you desire, without doing my self prejudice. Upon that, we parted, my Brother well satisfied, and I as resolv'd not to keep my Word.

It being of great Consequence now to manage my self, I did not see the Marquiss so often ; and I left a full liberty to my Letters, to express to him the trouble I was in about it. I also did endeavour to express more of Love and Complaisancy to Monsieur de Charamante, that he might not seek to penetrate into the secret of my Heart. He had absolutely broke off with Ortance ; and my Brother, who was thereby the more expos'd to the violence of her Passions, receiv'd from her such a persecution, as afflicted

flitted him much: Sometimes he feign'd to be sick, that he might not see her; at other times he would expressly go into the Country. And, in fine, she knew but too well what an Aversion he had for her; but for all that, she would not abandon such Rights as directly concern'd the Reputation of her Charms; she thought it convenient to run to Arts, and that in Love all is permitted. She writ to him in these terms:

THough you carefully avoid meeting with me alone, I do not believe that you will refuse to come to me this Night, when I shall inform you that I will bid you eternally farewell. Yes, cruel Man! I have resolv'd, though it cost me my Life, to tear you out of my Heart; out of that Heart that is so weak and credulous, as to flatter it self of making you sensible of Tenderneſs: But, alas! as to me, you are fill'd but with Hatred and Contempt.

In bringing this Billet to me, my Brother ſaid, *This is a Challenge from Ortance, more dangerous, in my Opinion, than could come from the bravest of all Men; and I confess to you, Sister, that I tremble when I think to meet singly with her: But how can I avoid it, unless I would reduce her to the last extremity? I pity you infinitely, ſaid I, to be thus expos'd to this Woman's earnest Desires: Mean time, what can she do to you? It will not be by force that she will engage your Heart to a Surrender.* After that, he entreated me to go into the Gallery, from whence one might hear
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and see what pass'd in her Closet; saying, That doubtless that would be the place where she would receive him: That I might divert myself with their Conversation; and that he knowing me to be a Spectator of his Actions, it would prevent him from falling into a shameful Compliance.

I got without noise into the Gallery, whence I perceiv'd my Brother go into her Closet: She had laid aside her mourning Weeds; she was dress'd in a *China* Gown, Rose-Colour and White, embroider'd with Gold; her Neck was bare, and some Curls of Hairs fell negligently on her Breasts: She lay on a Couch: There was great store of Lights; and I confess that she had so well manag'd all her Advantages, that I never thought her more beautiful; for I could easily see her through the Chinks of the ill-joyn'd Boards: *Is it possible,* said she to my Brother, presenting her Hand to him, with a tender Air, *that to engage you to come where I am, I must tell you it is to bid you an eternal Farewel? Is it true that I am so little amiable, or that you are so little sensible, that the offer of my Heart could not move you? Or is it the vain Scruple, to think that it is your Mother-in-Law that can put a stop to the continuation of our Intrigue? But, certainly, it cannot be that Reflection, seeing that you have already made such Advances in my behalf, as are quite opposite to it: What is it then, O Heavens! that obliges you to fly from me so continually, since that fatal Night; fatal indeed! in which I receiv'd so much Love, and gave you so little! Your Eyes look'd as if afrigbted*
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at mine; and it seems as if my Love did cause you to blush, and did offend you, and as if you would return with Hatred the most tender Passion that ever was! Madam, said he, when she had done speaking, I do not only find you worthy of my Heart, but I had given it you also without reserve, if of truth I did not look on that Alliance there is betwixt us, with a most invincible Scruple. Divers others, Madam, more happy than I, may fill up a Place that I am not worthy of: There is ne'er a brave Person but would be glad to purchase it with all his Cares; and if I had on this account an entire Liberty, you should see, Madam, that I am not insensible of your Bounties. What did oblige thee then, thou Traitor! replied she, to seek after me, when I had no thoughts of thee? Thou then didst come to disturb all the Quiet of my Life; thou wert not then scrupulous; thou didst know who I was, and didst not then express less of Heat and Love for that. Go not about to persuade me of the sincerity of thy Conscience; thou hast none, thou cruel one! But cease deceiving thy self; thou must love me, or I must die before thy face: Speak, resolve, and stop not at an Answer, on which all my Fate depends. Ah, Madam! answer'd he, turn rather against me all your Anger; I acknowledge that I deserve it: Strike an Heart, Madam, that refuses to know you! You shall be reveng'd, and I shall die contented, if I die by your Hand.

During all that time, I was trembling with fear, That that desperate Woman should commit some dreadful Extravagancy; but at last she cried out, It is then confirm'd, thou cruel Wretch! that thou art not capable of being mov'd,

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nor by my Intreaties, nor by my Tears ! Go, run for ever from my sight, and fear all that an abused Lover is capable of doing, in order to a full revenge. Thus did the Closet-Scene conclude, which appear'd to me incomparable, and at which I cannot forbear to laugh, every time that it comes into my Mind. But to return to speak of my self : I must tell you, Madam, that I did see the Marquis *de la Ferté* less than ever, and my Tendernefs for him from decreasing by it, did assume new strength, through the violence I made to my self. I did ease my Troubles by writing concerning them every Day; and though I knew well of what consequence Letters are, and that I had a recent Example of it, in my Mother-in-Law's Concern, I was so imprudent one Day, as to write to him a Billet in these Terms :

IF it was a general Rule, That when any Person is depriv'd of those they love, they love what they possess. I could comfort my self of your absence with my Husband; but I am very sensible, my Dear, that you alone can fill up your Place in my Heart. Farewel. I hope to see you in a short time; for he that perplexes me, is going a short Journey: Then will come the time of Pleasures, and of tender Amours: Never lose one moment from saying, You love me; that is the only Pleasure of my Life.

I was going to close my Billet, when my Husband came in; my trouble did visibly appear; he himself remain'd surpriz'd at it, and ask'd me for whom that Billet was, that I would have

have conceal'd? I told him, laughing, That it was a fair Lady's, who had desired me to deliver it to my Brother: That I had had the Curiosity to open it; and that fearing he should know it, I was sealing of it up again. Though I endeavour'd to appear unconcern'd, the surprisal had left such an impressiion of Fear on my Face, as could not yet be got off: *I am discreet*, said he; *I intreat you to let me see this Billet.* *I am far from shewing it you*, I replied, with a pleasant Air; *you are too well acquainted with the Person that writ it. That's what I fear*, said he, earnestly: *But let us be serious, Madam; if you refuse any longer to shew it me, I shall believe it is yours. Such a thought is injurious*, I answer'd fiercely; *and I did not think, Sir, that my Conduct with you might engage me to such Justifications: But it is none of mine, I assure you; yet I cannot give it you.* And I, said he, with a great deal of Anger, *cannot, nor will not go without it.* He then went to snatch it from me; and my Obstinacy in securing it, made an end to confirm him in his Suspicions, so that he forc'd it from me very violently.

When he had once got it, I would have gone out of the Closet, but he carefully shut the Door; and opening the Billet, he saw the Confirmation of what he fear'd; he look'd on me some time with an Air of Contempt, weighing within his Thoughts whether he should misuse me; but knowing that that is not the way of a worthy Person, he told me, with some Moderation,

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You are very happy, Madam, to be fallen into the Hands of a Man of my Character: After what I have newly read in your Billet, there is no Revenge but I could take against you without blame: But fear nothing; for a violence against a Woman, seems odious to me. I cast my self at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, I conjur'd him to forgive me. I added, That I pretended not to justifie my self by any Reason: That I might be wholly indebted to his Bounty: That, mean time, I could not forbear to tell him, That I had been so weak, as to maintain a Commerce with another, because I believ'd that he did not love me: That what had pass'd at my Wedding-night betwixt him and Ortance (of which I had been but too well inform'd) had made my Heart to revolt; and, That I did promise him never more to fall into any Fault that should concern him, if he would but forget that. I verily believe that I had done as I said, but (after) that he took such a course with me, as little agreed with that great Moderation which he had express'd: Rise, Madam, said he; I am surpriz'd that you should know the Commerce that I have had with Ortance; and much more, that you should take it as an Authority to ruine you, and dishonour me. But, continu'd he, let us make an Inventory of your Dressing-Box: When you writ such pretty Billets, you doubtless receive very agreeable Answers; and I desire to know who that Marquis is, whose absence cost you so dear. Sir, said I, melting in Tears, let me intreat you to insult no more

on my Misfortune: If you would have my Life, I am readily dispos'd to give it up to you, and I shall prefer it to the shame you would do me. He made no answer; and taking the Box, he violently oblig'd me to give him the Key of it. In the excess of my Despair, I run to the Window to cast my self out of it, and die suddenly; but he prevented me, open'd the Box, and found all the Letters that the Marquis had writ to me; his Picture, and a thousand Presents, in which Love only was concern'd. Heavens! could there be found in any part of the World, a Person more imprudent than I, to have kept so many Letters, or rather to have receiv'd them! But, in fine, Reflections on that Subject are now out of season.

My Husband knew that he had been fool'd, when my Brother made him believe that my Picture belong'd to him: He neither did any longer doubt, but that those Letters were writ by the Marquis *de la Ferté*, he knowing his Character and Picture. After he had examin'd all those things, he left me, without being mov'd at my Prayers and Tears. He sent to me an ancient Gentleman, who had been his Tutor, and his Secretary; he had a great Confidence in them. They remain'd continually by me, not allowing me the liberty to speak nor to write to any one. During that time, Monsieur *de Charamante* went to see all my Relations, and intreated them to come the next Day to his House: I had no conveniency to advertise my Brother of what had happen'd; and when, according to his custom,

custom, he came at Night to my Apartment: He was told, that I had been indispos'd, and that I slept. I shall not stop to represent to you, Madam, the sorrowful Condition I was in: It is very easie to guess at it, especially if you know that I have a great Heart, and much of a natural Pride.

I pass'd the Night, watch'd in sight, and my Husband came not till the next Day into my Chamber. At last, when all my Friends were come (they not knowing what he had to say to them) he came to fetch me; and I follow'd him as a guilty Person: Gentlemen, said he, presenting me to them, *it has not been without an extream Sorrow that I have intreated you to come here, since it is to let you know the evil Conduct of that Person that I have most loved in the World; and that this Person, who is Madam de Charamante, is so near related to you: There she is, Sirs; she may accuse herself; and if she refuses so to do, here are Letters without number, and particularly her own: Here is a Picture, here are Hairs; in fine, here are a thousand Witnesses that speak against her. I could have done my self Justice, if I would have heard the first Motions of my Anger; but having reflected on the Honour she has to be related to you, I have rather chosen to submit her to your Judgments.* While he was speaking, they look'd on me with Eyes full of Fury; and my Brother, in whom I thought to have found some Compassion, was he who did appear the most angry: *What have you to answer,* cried they all, with a loud Voice?

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That I deny not, to have had the Imprudence to write that Letter, and to have receiv'd those that are now produc'd against me: But I add, That I have been engag'd to it by a sense of Revenge, since I have known all along, that Monsieur de Charamante had a shameful Commerce with Ortance; and that neither he, nor any Person in the World can say, That I have scil'd in the essential part of my Honour: That the Weakness of writing, may be excus'd at my Age, and attributed to my Resentment; and that there never was a Woman punish'd for loving, for it is not in her not to love; but she is punish'd, when she is abandon'd to her Passion, because that dependeth on herself; and I am as readily dispos'd to submit to your Condemnation, if it can be prov'd that I have abandon'd my self to my Passion. These few Words, accompanied with a Deluge of Tears, mov'd them, and would have had a good effect, if Monsieur de Charamante, who perceiv'd and fear'd it, had not protested, That he would no longer live with me; and, That if they should refuse him that satisfaction, that he had reason to promise to himself, those of my Relations that should absolve me, might at the same time take upon them the Charge of looking after my Conduct. That did startle them; and there are but few Relations that love so much as to trouble themselves with a miserable Person. I flatter'd my self with the Thoughts that my Brother would intreat them to do it, and would omit nothing to serve me: But he appear'd more hardned than any other, and he was the first that said,

said, That to give my Husband satisfaction, I was to be mew'd up in a Convent, such as he should chuse, and for so long time as he should please. When I heard him speak after that manner, I look'd on him with sorrow ; and for all Reproaches, I only told him as *Cesar* did to *Brutus*:

And thou my Son !

Yes, Sister, and I also, replied he ; *I shall always be the first to punish your Imprudences.* The rest of my Relations were not like to take my part, against my Husband and against my Brother : They were all of the Mind of this last ; and concluded , and by reason of my ill Conduct, they did consent, that *Monfieur de Charamante* should confine me to a Convent, during what time he pleas'd. Thus did that worshipful assembly conclude.

Without delay I was put into a Coach with six Horses, with my Husband's Gentleman and his Secretary. They conducted me to an Abbey that is in the furthest part of *Auvergne*, call'd *The Golden Mount*. The Count *de Charamante's* Sister was the Abbess ; he writ to her what had pass'd, and earnestly intreated her to prevent my having any conversation with any Person whatsoever : The Maid, who is severe, and naturally ill-humour'd, follow'd his Directions with that exactitude, which border'd much on Tyranny ; and never was any one more miserable than I was in that sorrowful place.

Though all the Cautiousness imaginable had been taken to prevent my Concern from making any noise in the World, there were divers Persons inform'd of it, and particularly the

Marquis *de la Ferté*. That share he had in it, and his Passion towards me, did so sensibly touch him, that nothing could be added to his despair; he employ'd all the means imaginable, to learn in what place I had been sent, that he might get me thence: But all that he could do, did still prove unsuccessful. Not being able therefore to apprehend how the secrecie of my abode could be so inviolably kept, but that I my self might find out some means to give him notice of it, he thought at last that my Husband had put me to death, his Suspicions being back'd by some Circumstances, which my Brother had expressly told to *Mademoiselle de la Ferté*.

The Marquis not doubting any longer of my Misfortune, he would no longer have any consideration, after he had lost me, and had no other thoughts but of revenging me. He sent a Challenge to Monsieur *de Charamante*; who being too brave to decline it, met punctually at the Rendezvous. Two Lions attack and defend one another with less Courage than did those two Persons; the one to revenge his Mistress, the other to revenge his Honour. They pierc'd one another through; neither had the advantage; and it was only the abundance of Blood which they lost, and the excess of their Weakness, that parted them. They fell both at a small distance from one another, and were found in that condition by their People. They were carried off, but not to their own homes: For you know, Madam, that the Duels in *France* are without remedy. So that their Friends did not permit them to take time to be
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be cur'd, and caus'd them to depart in great diligence. The King express'd a great resentment at this Combat, and commanded that not a moment should be lost in seeking after them, and in drawing up their Proccesses.

The Abbess of *Golden Mount* learn'd with an extream sorrow her Brother's Misfortune: She told me nothing of it, but to punish me for it, as if I had contributed to it. She treated me since that much more severely; and I had already liv'd two years in that rigorous Captivity, without finding any means to get out, and without hearing at all from the Marquis *de la Ferté*, whose Tranquility, as I did suppose, after my Misfortune, did sufficiently persuade me of his Infidelity, and caus'd me to suffer more trouble than all the rigours of so austere a Retreat, when the Knight *d'Antraques* (that same Kinsman of my Mother-in-Law, who had so passionately lov'd me, whom I had not hated, and whom I have already mention'd) that same Person, I say, came to the *Golden Mount*, about Concerns that have nothing in common with my History.

I am to tell you, Madam, that he is well-shap'd, and very brave: That he knows how to live, and has a world of Wit, of Sweetness, and of Complaisancy. One Day as he was walking, he met with the Gardener of the Convent, laden with choice Fruit; he order'd his Men that they should be bought; and he enquir'd of the Gardener about some Particularities of the Abbey, whether the Abbess was young, and the religious Women beautiful? The good Man answer'd all his Questions as well as he

could ; and mentioning me, *I do assure you, Sir,* said he, *that amongst them, there is a Boarder much more beautiful than the rest ; but she is so melancholy, that she is perpetually sighing.* The Knight felt a great Curiosity of seeing me : He enquir'd of the Gardener whether I went not out ? He answer'd him No, and that I seem'd more to be retain'd by force than otherwise. *I would gladly know her,* said the Knight ; *and if you can procure me the means of it, I shall reward you after such a manner, as you shall rest satisfied.* Such a Promise rais'd all the Briskness that remain'd in the old Man ; he thought on it some time, and told him afterwards, That the best way was for him to take such a Sute of Cloths as he had on, and to pass under the notion of his Man. The Knight, who was very much at leisure, found something in that disguise that tickled his Fancy ; he easily fancied that no-body should know him in such a place as that. So he told the Gardener, that he would willingly do it : That he should not fail to come to him the next Day, and that, mean time, he would get his Sute made.

I had got up early that Day, and I was walking in a cover'd Walk, which border'd on the Plott of Flowers ; and when the Knight came in, he heard that I was singing an Air out of the Opera of *Proserpina*, which ends in these words :

Dear Liberty, ah, how charming were you !

Must I for ever now bid you adieu ?

Doubleless, said he to the Gardener, *that Person who sings, regrets the loss of her Liberty.* That's the same I spoke to you of, Sir, said the good Man,

for

for I know very well the sound of her Voice. Ifan-
 sie, said the Knight, that it is not wholly unknown
 to me neither. Ending those Words, he would
 have gone into the Labyrinth to seek me out;
 but the Gardener did hold him back, saying,
 That peradventure the Abbess might be there:
 That she would be very angry; and that it were
 better to stay in the Ground-plott, where I
 should doubtless come to gather some Flowers.
 The Knight was willing to be rul'd; but being
 come near to the Palissado, he perceiv'd me
 lying on the brim of a Fountain, leaning my
 Head on one of my Hands. He could not see
 my Face, because I was turn'd another way;
 and he only heard that after I had sigh'd, and
 kept, during some time, a profound silence, I
 began to sing these Words:

Phillis the other Day,
 Deeply sighing did say,
 Why wouldst thou change?
 Or why didst thou love me, if thou wouldst range?

He knowing this Song, and having a most
 delicious Voice, that, in his turn, he might stir
 up some Curiosity in me, when I had finish'd
 those Words which I had sang in reference to
 the Marquis de la Ferté, he took up the two
 last Verses, and said after me,

Why wouldst thou change?
 Or why didst thou love me, if thou wouldst range?

I did rise suddenly to see from whence that Voice came, which I thought more charming in that dreadful solitude, than I had found it in any other place; and thinking there was somebody that sang in the Wood, I went in with so much haste, that he lost the sight of me; but judging that I was gone to seek after him, he continu'd to sing,

*Where dost thou fly, thou lovely Maid?
Why art thou of thy Damon so afraid?*

He was going on with that old Song, but the Gardener having perceiv'd that the Abbess was coming into the Garden, he gave him notice of it. He presently was silent, and began to pull up some Box Roots.

The Abbess having been drawn thither at first by the Ears, was retain'd there afterwards by the Eyes: The good Mien, the Youth, and the natural Graces of the Knight, surpriz'd her, tho' he was in a Dress very unfit to set him off. She however remain'd charm'd with him: She commanded him to sing; and he did it with the most silly Air that he could imitate. She appear'd very well satisfied, enquir'd whence he came; and told him, That seeing he sang so well, she intended to make him one of her Choire: That it was not well to let such a young Fellow as he was, pass his whole Life in planting of Cabbages: That he should not fail to come to her in her Apartment. He return'd her Thanks; and she went into the Wood, as I was coming out to see if I could find that

that Person who had sung with so agreeable a Voice.

The Knight perceiv'd me, and fear'd that I should pass by again without staying, and without having a sight of me: He presently gather'd some Branches of Jessamy, and came to bring them to me; but how great was his surprize, when he knew me! I observ'd that he grew pale, and that in lieu of presenting me with the Flowers he had gather'd, he went back some steps; and a Tree against which he did lean, prevented him from falling: He could not speak to me; for his Joy and his Surprize had rendred him speechless. I who could not imagine a Person of Quality, as Monsieur d'Antragues was, under the Habit of a Gardener, at the very fagg-end of Auvergne: Though I did retain his Idea, I could not believe it: *What is the matter with you, said I, that puts you into such a confusion? Is it that you have formerly seen me, and that I know you? Ab, Madam! cannot the trouble that I am in, re-call yet to your Mind, the remembrance of a Man for whom you have had some Kindness? I could find you out in the Person of Monsieur d'Antragues, said I; but I must confess, that I cannot find him in you. However, I am he, Madam, said he, and satisfied at present with my Destiny, seeing I have the Honour to behold you. You see me, indeed, said I, sighing; but it is in so sad a Condition, that you should rather afflict your self, than rejoice at it. Ab, Madam! replied he, since I am come thus far by a kind of Miracle, render me not useless for your Service; I shall think my self*

self too happy to sacrifice my Cares, my Fortune, and my Life, for you. Such generous Sentiments, said I, do not surprize me, from an Heart fram'd like yours; mean time I am going to leave you, notwithstanding the Pleasure I should receive in entertaining you longer; but I fear, lest your Conversation should be perceiv'd. I hope to see you to-morrow, and to tell you what I have resolv'd.

I presently retir'd, with some Disturbances mix'd with Joy and Hope, which cannot be apprehended: I thought that there was something more than common, at the Knight's being there; and that if I should fail of making good use of it, I should justly deserve to be totally abandon'd by Fortune.

I was got into the Abbess's Chamber, where, through a piece of Policy, I was to appear at some time of the Day, when it was told her, That *Gonfanielle* (so the Knight would have himself call'd) was waiting her Orders: *Let him come hither*, said she, with an Air disturb'd; *I shall be glad to speak with him*. I presently caus'd the Knight to come in, who with impatiency to entertain me, had remembred the Order which the Abbess had given him to come to her: But I not knowing that she had spoken to him in the Morning, I could not sufficiently wonder at his Imprudence: *Gonfanielle*, said the Abbess to me, *sings very well; you shall be judge of it*. And she commanded him to sing an Air: He performed it after such a natural and simple manner, that I wonder'd how we both could resist the Temptation of Laughing: But it was not
time

time for that, and we had too many things to do. I observ'd that the Abbess's Eyes did glitter with a Fire that was extraordinary in them: She appear'd restless; she made twenty Questions at once to the Knight: She admir'd the least of his Actions; and she would frequently tell me, That *Gonfarnille's* plain Character did please her more than that of the finest Wits of our Age, which for the most part are full of an insufferable Vanity and good Opinion of themselves. I did easily perceive that she had for him a tender Inclination: I even fear'd lest she should know I had spoken to him, that she should grow jealous. All these Considerations did oblige me to go out of her Apartment before the Knight. I went into the Garden, where I knew he was to pass; and I writ these Words on my Tablets to give them to him:

I Am kept like a Prisoner, I dare not speak to you, for fear it should be reckon'd a Crime; and I know not how to get out. The Abbess loves you, her small Eyes have already endeavour'd to let you know it: Manage her well; it may prove a means to serve our selves. Sing not at her Choire, as she would have you, and fail not to write to me. Put your Letter under the Box of an Orange-tree: To make you know it, I shall carve upon it, an Heart transpierc'd with Arrows.

As

As I was finishing, I perceiv'd the Knight behind me, and the Abbess, at her Window, looking on him. I pass'd by him without staying; and having let fall my Tablets at his Feet, *Do what I write to you, said I, and love me though I have not writ it.*

The Abbess, very impatient to see her *Gonfanille* again, did rise the next Morning by break of Day, and run in her undress into the Garden; she had dress'd herself more neat than usually: And so soon as she 'spy'd him, she call'd him to her, and highly caress'd him; and not believing that he understood any of the terms of a delicate Passion, she ventur'd to make use of them. She much pleas'd herself, in telling him her Sentiments in that Dialect, while the counterfeit *Gonfanille*, who had his Designs, made advantage of all things. And not to particularize any further their Conversation, I shall satisfy my self to tell you, Madam, That he reduc'd her to that point, as to trust him with a Key of the Door that answer'd to the Wood, and was at the foot of a back, private Stair, by which he was to get into her Apartment: He gave me notice of it by a Billet, in these terms:

IF it was as easie to make a Progress with you, as with the Abbess, Madam, I should be too happy: Mean time, I applaud my self that I could inspire her with any Tenderneſs, seeing that thereby I find the means of serving you. I am already

ready Master of the Door to the Wood ; make your advantage of it, and I'll take care of the rest : It is this Night in which I hope that the Rape of such an Helen as you are, Madam, will render my Fate more glorious than that of the amorous Paris.

I found this Billet under the Box of the Orange-tree, as I had done all the others that he had writ to me. I presently thought of hiding my self, so as that no-body should take notice of it : I was at that Stair-Case, where I observ'd a place very proper for my Design. After that, I went to bed, where I desir'd I might be left in quiet ; and so soon as those Religious Women, that were appointed to follow me as inseparably as my Shadow, were retir'd, to deceive their Vigilance, I dress'd up a Brick with divers Cornets, and set it in my place : I went to that private Stair, and I was scarce got down, when I heard the Abbess coming ; I then fear'd being discover'd, and had like to have died with Grief ; but at that time she little thought on me. She remain'd a little while at the Door, to see whether her *Gonfanille* was coming : She call'd him divers times ; and not perceiving him, she return'd full of impatience into her Apartment.

Had the Abbess staid never so little longer, she had been satisfied ; for he came presently after. He open'd the Door, and I went out with all the earnestness that may be imagin'd. He receiv'd me in his Arms, and giving in that first moment a full scope to his Joy and to his

his Love, it was not difficult for me to perceive that he lov'd me most dearly, and that he was as much satisfied as I was, to see me in a Condition of flying from my Enemies. He had got a Man's Apparel for me; I dress'd myself presently, and we got on Horseback, follow'd only by one of his *Valet de Chambre*, who was faithful to him. He had sent back the rest of his Retinue, that he might make the greater speed with me: And that was very necessary; for the Abbess, who had pass'd the Night in needless running to the Park-Gate, having learn'd the next Morning what had been found in my Bed, and perceiving that neither I, nor *Gonfanille*, did any more appear, she entred into the greatest Fury that could be imagin'd: She was sensibly concerned at my Flight, and very much dreaded my Husband's Anger. Mean time, Fear did less animate her to cause me to be pursu'd, than the Design and Hope of retrieving her fugitive Lover. She omitted nothing to stop all our Passages, her Passion did render her ingenious and diligent, but my good Fortune prevented her good Success.

Mean time, I advanc'd in great haste towards *Lyons*, and my Strength being not proportionable to my Courage, nor to the necessity of our flight. We got on the River *Rhone*, and went into *Avignon*; that City which in part depends on the Pope, did appear a fit place to rest me some Days in, and to expect Letters

Letters from Paris: I intreated the Knight to write thither, to be inform'd of News from Monsieur de Charamonte; I engag'd him to enquire after my Brother also; and told him as nicely as I could, That I would have heard some also of the Marquis de la Ferté; but he was too jealous of my Heart, to receive that Order with indifferency: After having abandon'd you to the rigour of your Enemies, you think on him, Madam, said he: *Alas! what would you do then, if he had done his Duty?* I would then love him, answer'd I, *whereas now I don't.* If it be so, said he, with a submissive Air, forget him, Madam, I conjure you, by the first Bounties that you ever had for me, and by that Passion which I have not ceas'd to have for you. I consent to it, I answer'd, giving him my Hand; and I shall make you but a mean Sacrifice, considering that his Proceedings are so far distant of that which I might have promis'd to my self. He presently seal'd the Letters, for fear my Mind should change, and gave me Thanks for my Complaisancy. Of truth it was but Justice I should have some for him, for all that can be imagin'd of a Passion, was beneath that which he had for me.

I would have quitted the Gallant's Habit to have taken my own again; but the fear of being known, prevented me. I caus'd my Hairs to be cut, to take off all suspicion: And I was so well and so naturally in that Disguise, being tall and slender as I am, that
no

no body doubted but that I was what I appear'd to be; and if I have pass'd for Beautiful in my Sex, I dare say that there was no body whose Eyes I did not surprize and retain under that of a Man.

F I N I S.

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